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# CATONINETALES



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CATONINETALES:

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

W. J. LINTON.

*Only three hundred and thirty copies printed.*

*No. 17.*

# CATONINETALES

A DOMESTIC EPIC

BY HATTIE BROWN

A young lady of colour lately deceased at the age of

14



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THE following brief Memoir, contributed over the signature of F. G. H. to the columns of the *Mobile Record*, at the date of Miss Brown's decease, gives us all that has been brought to light concerning the

AUTHOR OF CATONINETALES.

HATTIE BROWN was born at Natches, Ga., where her parents were field-hands on the plantation of Mr. Jo. Fields. Little Hattie, named after one of the gentleman's daughters, was treated as a pet. Miss Fields, a first-rate musician, had also much taste for poetry, which she was in habit of reciting ; and Hattie, with the African faculty of imitation, so picked up the laws of measure as well as an insatiate ambition for original production. After the War the family came North, and earned a modest living in Boston, where at the period we edited the *Girls' Own*. Therein some of H. B.'s early verse had first appearance, submitted to us with a few ingenuous words stating the age of the writer,—11 years. The lines were distinctly too good for the age ; and we could not help instituting an inquiry that led to acquaintance with the family, poor but respectable, an acquaintance very soon ripening into a warm affection only interrupted by her untimely death.



The three dignities of poetry : the union of the true and the wonderful, the union of the beautiful and the wise, and the union of art and nature.

*Triads of Catwog the Wise.*

O for a quill from out a cat-bird's wing !

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Quoth he then to the Drummer—Lay it on ! *Sterne.*







# CATONINETALES

## A DOMESTIC EPIC

COMPRISING A VERY TRUE AND DISMAL PATHETIC  
NARRATION OF THE ENDS OF A MOST WORTHY CAT

### KOK ROBYN

BEGINNING WITH HIS FIRST DEATH AND BURIAL  
AND THE INQUEST THEREUPON

BY H. B.



---

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy. *As you like it.*

Robyn, jolly Robyn! *Merry Wives, etc.*

Robyn! good fellow! *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

I thank you, Sir! I shall be bold, I warrant you. Have  
you a stool there to be melancholy upon?

*Every man in his humour.*

---

What say you ? Simon Catlin ! *Romeo and Juliet.*

We have bespoke a CAT.

Anglo-Saxon CAT, Danish KAT, Swedish KATT, Old French, Irish, and Prussian CAT, Low German KATT, High German KATER and KATZE, Welsh CATH, Cornish KATH, Biscayan CATUA, Slavonic KOT, American KAZ, KACH, Latin CATUS, Dic. Var. CATTE, &c.

His titles were

The Most Noble The Archduke Rumpelstiltzchen, Marquis McBum, Earl Tomlemagne, Baron Ratacide, Waowhler, and Skaratch.

There should be a court-mourning in Cat-Land ; and if the Dragon wear a black ribbon round his neck, or a band of crape à la militaire round one of his fore-paws, it will be a becoming mark of respect.

*Pancattantrums (Southey's Translation).*

A Cat has nine lives and a woman nine cats' lives. *Old Proverb.*

And as the Katte hath nine lives, so also hath the Katte his taile nine vertebræ, whereof upon echone a several life dependeth.

*Browne's Vulgar Errors.*

What a monstrous taile our Cat has got. *Carey.*

Your Cat a mountain looks. *Shakspeare.*

Silence awhile ! Robin ! take off this. *Id.* Mere cat-lap. *Anon.*

# CATONINETALES

IN NINE FYTTES

The Funeral—The Fight—Love—Drowned—Margaret  
—Hanged—Shot—Thanksgiving Day—Mystery.



---

And an end.

## KOK ROBYN'S FUNERAL

His gite was golden gay with streakis blak. *Chaucer.*

WHO kill'd KOK ROBYN?	I
I did, said Fanny;	VI
I was set on by Danny:	3
It was I kill'd Kok Robyn.	

B 2

Who heard his groans?  
I did, said Union ; 4  
And growl'd in communion  
While picking my bones.

Who saw him die ?  
I did, said Jack, 5  
As I lay on my back  
Wide awake in one eye.

Who 's Funeral Boss ?  
I am, said Nelly, 2  
Though my heart 's all a jelly,  
A-quake at his loss.

Who 'll dig his grave?  
I will, said Father,  
Unless you would rather  
Have some stranger knave.

Who 'll bear the pall?  
I will, said Timothy ; 7  
I 'll mind a limb o' thee :  
So the chickens said all.

Who 'll be chief mourner?  
I, said O'Donoghue ; 8  
And no mother's son o' you'  
'll do it forlorner.

Who 'll sing the psalm?  
We will, said the Mice ;  
It will be real nice,  
We re so blessedly calm,

And who 'll set the tune?

We will, chirp'd the Birds :

Don't ask us for words,

But we 'll manage a tune.

Who 'll preach the sermon?

I will, prosed a Rat ;

I have it quite pat

From the text *Cats are vermin*.

Here ends our first story,

One taile of Kok Robyn :

Let us all stop our sobbin' !

We hope he's in glory.

And now take note : as here-under wrote.

NOTE — I Robin's name, KOK ROBIN, which same did our chief he-cat claim ; and VI delicit FAN, a she-setter, a tan. 3 our chore-boy was, DAN. Then UNION and JACK, 4 tabby, 5 black, were our kittens, both born on a midsummer morn of one mother, loved well by 2 Sister NELL. 7 's a name that was flung at our rooster most young ; and by 8 sure I mean our great ROOSTER DEAN, of Irish descent. D, LEO, in went denoting a neighbour as payment for labour in help of our plot. Other notes we need not.

Sir Kok's epitaph

Will be utter'd by LEO, D

And his death-song. Laus Deo !

Let no one laugh !

## THE EPITAPH

Here rests, his head and chest due-lapp'd in earth,  
 A Katte to Fortune and to Fame unknown :  
 Much Science troubled not his kitly berth ;  
 Sad Poesy now makes his taile her own.  
 Now must we diverge to a right tuneful

## DIRGE.

Dark Melancholy ! mark !  
 Let never dog bark,  
 But loving cats hark  
 And echo our moan !  
 Though myself but a dog,  
 Yet I feel that no clog  
 To my sorrows, which jog  
 On in unison  
 With the mourners around,  
 Who me worthy found  
 With not too dogged sound  
 T' accompany them  
 In these first obsequies  
 Of the friend that here lies  
 And to me did devise  
 His fit requiem.  
 So I LEO, allow'd  
 A cat's name, here avow'd,  
 Of which Popes are proud  
 In their haught catalog',  
 Find currage to lay  
 On this noble Cat's clay  
 What an advocate may  
 Who is only a dog.

He was supple and brave,  
As was proved by that knave  
That brought him to his grave :

I anticipate here :  
But the words may remain,  
For he has to be slain  
Again, and again  
Till nine lives disappear.

He was striped like a pumpkin,  
Had shoulders and rump thin,  
And well could a jump win

With any a-foot ;  
Sleek was he and dainty ;  
Steals, so, and why mayn't he ?  
If not quite a saint, he  
Ain't less of a brute.

So to speak of him present :  
The thought is unpleasant  
Of him all decessant

If not all deceased :  
Though I'd say to his face  
That not one of his race  
Has less call for the grace  
Of dog poet or priest.

For his gifts, they were great ;  
What he stole, that he ate ;  
For his faults, who shall state

Any ill of the Dead ?  
O, might I be likewise !

Pour, tears ! from all eyes ;  
 And the kind Destinies  
 Heave a stone at his head !

Sic transit Catus Mundi,  
 Translated Sunday.

And exit Leo.  
 What recks it me ?

Oh !  
 Though this first fytte be ended,  
 Thereto is appended  
 SIR KOK's pedigree :  
 ( Sacrificium laudis )  
 Which now sent abroad is  
 As written by me

H.B.

### THE PEDIGREE

The cat-log of him. *Shakspeare.*

His hatchment hangs "on the outer wall"  
 For every one to see ;  
 And fit is it the world should know  
 Kok Robyn's pedigree.  
 Listen, dear lords and ladies all !  
 Lend willing ears to me !

He was a Catte of lineage high,  
 Which well-writ scrolls remark :  
 Of very ancient ancestry,  
 THE TWO CATS IN THE ARK :  
 A fact that's so remarkable,  
 I could not keep it dark.



'Mong his forbears was Fiddler Kat,  
When Kow o'erleap'd the Moon;  
And the Cat that Mother Hubbard's Dog  
Was feeding with a spoon;  
And on maternal side that Puss  
In Boots like a dragoon,

Carabbas hight. Even royal blood  
He claim'd in line from him  
Who, housed with a belovèd witch,  
One night went up the chim-  
Ney, crying I am King o' the Cats!  
The taile is true, though Grimm.

In modern times one forerunner  
Was well-sung Gilbert Katte  
Who Philip Sparowe slew, rehearsed  
By his own laureat. (*Skelton*)  
Tho' Cornish cats such tailes deny,  
Tailes may be long for that.

Still later, in the ways of trade,  
'Mong his grandsires came down  
The Patron of Dick Whittington,  
Who brought him such renown  
He purseveres at top o' 'Change  
In Troynovant's great town.

What child but oftentimes has read  
Of Goody Two-Shoes' friends?  
The chief her Cat, a Cat of birth,  
Though here she condescends:

She knows that humble maiden's worth,  
And so her countenance lends.

See in heraldic books how high

The House of CAT is placed !

The English Lion without spot, *C.A. 1*

The Scottish ne'er disgraced. *C.A. 2*

What knight could bear a prouder crest

Than Wild-Cat from the waist ? *C.A. 3*

Or look again to elder lore !

When Thor in Giant-Land

Put forth his godship in its power,

Which nought else could withstand,

There was the Cat of Destiny

To make him weak of hand. *C.A. 4*

The greatest goddess Cybele,

By Cats her coach is led ; *C.A. 5*

And look where, following Bacchus' car,

The wild-limb'd Mœnads spread,

And Fawns with Tigers dance to the tune

In old Silenus' head. *C.A. 6*

*C.A. (Caudal Appendage) 1 2* Whether the Shield of England first contained Lions or Libbards (leopards) has been the subject of many serious inquiries. In the year 1235 Ferdinand, Emperor of the West, gave Henry III three leopards for his coat. *Casson's Heraldry.*

In the Roll of Caerlaverock the banner of Edward I has 3 leopards.

Lions in England's coat, says *Shakspeare.*

Leopards on thy shield, says *Walter Scott.*

*C.A. 3* The Catesby crest : arms 3 cates or gingerbread cats.

*C.A. 4* The Iceland Cat he could not thaw. *Old Rune.*

*C.A. 5* The Scandinavian goddess Freya also has her cat-charioteers.

*C. A. 6* Silenus swang this way and that. *Wordsworth.*

And when that loose Saturnian crew  
 The Titans did displace, (Ovid)  
 And scamper'd the jovial Gods like beasts,  
 Sol's Sister took Cat-grace  
 And swore she would die an old maid or  
 A Cat: so made her race.

An old sky-myth: when storms invade  
 The Moon-ruled realm of Night,  
 Diana, huntress chased and fair, (Jonson)  
 Appears to flee; but light  
 Returns to chase the grey mouse clouds  
 With re-Olympian might. C.A. 7

Wise Egypt held Cats half divine,  
 Their place to guard the Soul C.A. 8  
 In royal tombs; no people yet  
 Have Cats consider'd foul,  
 Though rude art quite mistakingly  
 Made Pallas' Cat an owl.

The goddess hight of Liberty,  
 In her most high attainment (Livy)  
 In haughty Rome, held at her feet,  
 A Cat without complaint,  
 Imaging order'd liberty,  
 True freedom, with restraint.

---

C.A. 7 "The Cat-Moon eats the grey mice of the Night." *PanCat-  
 tantrums*, Book 1, chap. 13. Pan-criti (cretur), the Hindu Goddess  
 of Nature, drives a car drawn by countless myriads of Cats.

C.A. 8 Ælurus was a Cat-headed God.

I pass, lest some deem me profane,  
The Cat of Judah's Tribe,  
Saint Mark's too; but the Nemæan mark,  
To whom we must ascribe  
This fame, Alcides claim'd his skin  
The gods themselves to bribe.

Sage Æsop fables to us how  
A Cat, which loved a man,  
Became a woman for his sake  
And———but (the story ran)  
A mouse disturb'd their wedded bliss,  
Before the bliss began.

Or take the story t'other way,  
Of the woman Cattish turn'd,  
Saved only when her head was off,  
Her taile extremely burn'd!  
There really is a power of things  
That might from Cats be learn'd.

Of Una and her faithful friend  
I may not dare to speak:  
The maiden Truth so pure and bold,  
And Strength so maiden meek:  
To retail Spenser, seems to me,  
Should task the soul of Cheke.

And other poems leonine,  
Too many much to quote,  
Traverse the Nubia of my thought,—  
And most are known by rote:

My chiefest care has been to show  
There have been Cats of note.

Yet memories, meandering home,  
One saintlike Cat behold.  
Whom Gregory (Nazianzen styled)  
To his great heart did fold,  
A nimble Cat upon his knees  
To see the nimb of gold.

What families of history,  
Vouch'd history, not myth,  
And men of might in arts, and arms  
Of most heroic pith,  
The name of Cat made honourable,  
If not so common as Smith ;

The Catos, Catius, Catiline,  
Catullus, widely famed  
For song ; also Leonidas ; (*S. Catuldus too*)  
For race of Cat are claim'd :  
Beside some dozen Popes,—of some  
Cats need not be ashamed.

That subtil Cat of Medici ;  
And Russia's lustiest dame ;  
And Shakspeare's Queen, may be divorced  
But not divorced from Fame ;  
With Kate, the wild Kate of his love  
Petruchio cared to tame.

And Caterina Camoens,  
The Portingals' sweet flower,

Ay! sweet as Arqua's laurel bloom  
That Petrarch had for dower;  
St. Catherine of the Wheel, pourtray'd  
By Raffaele's gracious power.

So Catherine-wheels, or cat-on-wheels,  
As pyrotechnics know:  
July, or say November nights,  
They make a pretty show,  
With boys and belles and squibs and shells  
And rockets all of a row.

Fireworks, flowers also named from Cats!  
The radiant Lion's-Teeth,  
French *Dents-de-Lion*; Lion's-Foot,  
Growing moist woods beneath,  
Curing the snake's bite; Lion's Tail  
With many purpled wreath;

Cat-Tail (chair-bottoming); and mint  
(Cat-nep) by Cats esteem'd;  
The garden darling, Lion's-Heart;  
The Lily, Leopard-schemed;  
The particolour'd Tiger-Flower,  
The flower that Juno dream'd.

How numerous the Cat-Family!  
What names of ancient note!  
How long the list when Noah discharged  
His Mesopotamian boat!  
I wonder if the little Noahs  
Had all their names by rote.

The tawny monarch, golden-maned ;  
 Tiger with tabbied skin  
 (Whence tabard) ; Panther, Eyra, Ounce ;  
 Leopard, so lithe and thin ;  
 Rimau-dahan, and Catamount : *C.A.* 9  
 These but the list begin.

The Serval ; and the Chat, else  
 The Chetah, fleet in chase ;  
 The Javan Marquay ; Caracal  
 ( Imperial Rome's disgrace ) ;  
 The gaiter'd Lynx ; the Western world  
 Has links of the same race. *C.A.* 10

The real American Wild Cat ;  
 The long-tail'd Ocelot ;  
 The Puma, Lion of the West ;  
 The Jaguar,—for no spot  
 He'd change with any pard alive,  
 However streak'd his lot ;

The Chilian Colocolo ;—Back  
 At the old East once more,—  
 The sandy Chaus o' Nile ; and look  
 To Thebes, where dwelt of yore  
 Our Rob's immediate ancestors,  
 Now ceremented o'er. *C.A.* 11

---

*C.A.* 9 Rimau-dahan is the Sumatran tree-tiger. *C.A.* 10 Caligata is gaitered. The American wild cat according to Audubon is a lynx.

*C.A.* 11 *Felis maniculata*, the progenitor of our domestic cats, their mummies still remaining. See also their monuments at Thebes.

For pole "cats," skunks, and such small deer,  
 Though, own we must, allied  
 And Aristotle-class'd as Cats,  
 But on the sinister side,—  
 Feline Fitzclarensioux,—in such  
 No Family Cat takes pride.

Rank,—yes! but not as CATS: the Greek  
 Might be a martinet;  
 Mustepha Weasel, not a Cat, (*Mustela?*)  
 He on his ottoman set.  
 Faugh! fie! fouxmarts! what sense in that?  
 I smell that gaily yet. *C.A. 12*

Of all this tribe, this family,  
 This gens, this powerful clan,  
 Their blood from many so noble source  
 Through our Kok Robyn ran,  
 As run the rivers to the sea;  
 No proudest Catalan *C.A. 13*

Had bluer blood; and in his shell  
 Of tortoise, one to vaunt,  
 He show'd grand as that Tortoise is  
 That bears the Elephant  
 That bears the World. Hyperbolic?  
 Be more exact I can't.

---

*C.A. 12.* The MS. here was doubtful. She might have written galè (Greek for weasel); but very possibly used gaily (N. C. English) like the French *joliment*, as just a strong expression.

*C.A. 13* The Tortoise-shell Cat is Spanish.



The tortoise hides (think not I mean  
 The Hindu) I prefer  
 To black or white, or black and white,  
 Or even the tabby fur :  
 A tortoise-shell Tom-Cat, they say,  
 Is rare. Or say it were.

And such a tortoise-shell ! No comb  
 No coxcomb brought his bride  
 In variegated vanity  
 Our well-comb'd Kok outvied :  
 No limner hand might paint that skin.  
 And yet Kok Robyn dyed.

### R. I. P.

Requiescat in pace !  
 English'd, Let him lie still !  
 Or, His cat-bones be aisy !  
 That 's pat,  
 By CATEQUIL.

NOTE. Reader ! don't wonder at the oath I use :  
 Catequil is Peru's God of Thunder.  
 What could be more appropriate ?  
 Kok Robyn is consecrate to Thor.



Cat-god, Purrsepolis.

## NOTE BY THE EDITOR

The pedigreeable portion of the fore-going fyte appears to have been borrowed from or at least suggested by an old poem of the sixteenth century, by Lydius Cattus, put afterwards into Dutch by one Jacob Cat, Cats, Catts, or Catz, for the spelling cat-like is various. The FIGHT to come follows the account of an affair with the Catti, after the *Commentaries* of Cæsar, as translated by the French historian, Catrow ; and is in some measure an imitation of the *Galeomnomachia* of Theo. Prodonius.



From an ancient monument in  
Pussé Church, Gironde.

## THE FIGHT WITH THE DOG

By biting and scratching dogs and cats come together. *Proverb.*

WHEN we got home from his funeral  
Kok Robyn came from the door:  
Quoth he—I know I have lost a life,  
But my quoter says 8 lives more;  
So, rubbing his ears against our legs,  
Went purring our steps before.

And now would you learn how Kok Robyn  
Again hath lost his life,  
It was all along of his hob-nobbin'  
With a lady not his wife.  
Love like Atropos' scissors can shear:  
Though my verse requires a knife.

This Lady Katte was a nigh neighbour,  
A Bywater by name;  
Wherefore it happen'd that by water  
Our Kat his end became.  
As well this end did him become:  
May my taile prove the same!

Kok Robyn, I'll own, had a character  
For wandering out o' nights,  
Whereat no doubt, if some were glad,  
Some might not like such flights.  
But who can stand in the window way  
Of an honest Kat's delights?

That ugliest Dog of Smith's you know,  
Half bloodhound and half bull :  
He'd watch'd to see sweet Robyn go,  
And he promised him to pull.  
O the ways of this unkind dog  
Are verily sorrowfull.

Kok Robyn climbs to the top of the fence,  
In the smile of the honey moon ;  
Amuses his love with his mews and miaouls,  
Nor thinks to be maul'd so soon.  
'Twas sweet to listen, his pleasant voice  
Discoursing to such a tune.

Very lightly down he alighted thence,  
But ere he could touch the ground,  
Between a brace of wide-gaping jaws  
He met with a toothsome wound.  
Never he dream'd that a dog of choice  
Would be prowling there around.

Yet brave as a lion our darling turn'd  
A spirit inform'd his paws,  
His catly heart within him burn'd,  
In the foe he flung his claws ;

A spit between the bark and the would,  
And then —— terrific pause.

And away and away over fence and wall  
He flew, and the blacksmith after,  
With many a stumble and many a fall,  
And a roar that was not of laughter.  
Night heard the howl and the caterwaul  
And the sky-roof shook, each rafter.

And over the fields to the river-side  
The Dog and the dogg'd Cat sped,  
All hidden in wounds too wide to hide,  
As each hied o'er the other's head.  
And the smith the death of a dog has died.  
Then Kok Robyn fell down dead.

We found them so on the morrow morn,  
A sorrowful sight to see ;  
And our feelings all were quite forlorn  
Through feline sympathy.  
For the dog we cared not so much as Adàm,  
Had he died by the Apple Tree.

Our will was wild to bury our Dead  
Under an apple tree ;  
But among the "greenings" we 'd a fear  
A "cats-head" sort to see ;  
And what if every apple s'talk  
Kok Robyn's taile should be !

By certain of us it had been well held  
Where the streaked punkins grow

To bury his bones, and Nelly implored  
 Indeed that it should be so :  
 But then to see punkins tortoise-shell'd  
 And fiddle-strings inside. No !

So we back'd him out across the road  
 O'er the marshes with never a halt,  
 Not minding the trouble of such a load,  
 For we loved him to a fault ;  
 Shyly and sadly we laid him out  
 With an elegant sum o' salt.

And very much like a wail it was  
 That rent the mouth o' the sack,  
 As Rob pass'd down to his ocean doom  
 And the sea-nymphs stroked his back.  
 Seem'd that the heaven was only glass,  
 And the world had gone to wrack.

My rhymes are wanting poetic guile :  
 Could I rhyme like my master Poe,  
 It mightn't you rile to place your pile  
 On the tears I would bid to flow.  
 A dead taile, hardly worth wagging-while  
 I sprinkle damp words on now.

MORAL :—Would Cat and Dog agree,  
 As Watts his name once tried,  
 As it is their nature too,—says he.  
 Our Cat and Dog first died.  
 Yet the lion lies down with the lamb,  
 When the lamb-chops are inside.

Kok Robyn's name is on the wind,  
 His body has gone to sea :  
 He has yet seven other lives of a mind  
 To lengthen his memory,  
 Beyond this taile just left behind  
 For the Mews of History.

## LOVE

With cat-like watch. *As you like it.*  
 Care will kill a cat. *Wither.*

DAN CUPID, 'tis well known,  
 Both men and cats doth own :  
 No creature left alone  
 By him. Here make I moan  
 Of wrong that he hath done  
 My Catte, my Robyn dear,  
 My favourite, my fere,  
 My Catte withouten peer.  
 Would Cerberus he were here !

My Robyn !—Every dame  
 Who cattish blood could claim  
 Held Robyn well in mind ;  
 As favourably inclined

Cat damosels were also.  
Many a pleasant throe  
He flung in Misses' hearts,  
So perfect were his parts,  
So lovely eke his looks,  
Like cats in gospel books ; (*Roydon*)  
And his demeanour staid,  
That never properest maid  
Need be of him affray'd,  
So debonair and meek.  
He had too little cheek.  
And his best coat so sleek !  
He never miss'd a week,  
Nay ! never miss'd a day,  
To brush the dust away.  
His sleekness took no hurt,  
For the least speck of dirt  
He wiped off with his tongue.  
His whiskers too were long,  
Becoming one so young ;  
His eyen were so clear ;  
And on each pretty ear  
There was a tip of black,  
The same along his back ;  
And his fine mottled sides  
Were beauteous as hides  
Of tortoises, or shells  
Which whosoever dwells  
By the sea-shore is apt  
To value. When he lapp'd  
His cream you did perceive  
'Twixt jaws a foe could reive



His tongue's rich coral red,  
Fit tongue of so rare head !  
And when he flung his taile  
As thresher throws his flail,  
You felt he could not fail  
In fight with other male.  
O Catte delightful ! hail  
Even to that form so pale,  
Dim and untortoiseshell'd,  
In visions oft beheld !  
My grief is partly quell'd  
By history of his fate,  
The taile I here relate.

/

Be sure that highest dames  
At Robyn took their aims :  
A hope no mother shames.  
Each sought to fix for life  
Her daughter as a wife ;  
And all the neighbourhood  
And to a distance would  
Echone have wed her child  
To him, the Unbeguiled.  
The girls, they all were wild  
To win the love of him.  
Many bright eyes grew dim  
Weeping for him away ;  
Many a maid would stray  
From the parental home,  
And anywhither roam  
In vain hope to surprize  
One glance of his dear eyes.

^

And if by chance they met  
The welcome he would get  
From virgin looks abash'd  
All daring hope had dash'd  
Of other loving swains.  
I tell not of the pains  
Mothers and daughters took  
That he might only look  
With favour on love-chains :  
Labour that had no gains,  
For no chains did he brook.

A lusty bachelor  
Was he that time ; and for  
The love of cats most fair  
And tender had no care,  
No more than a cold frog.  
His heart was yet a Log, (*Æsop*)  
Nor apt his neck to crane  
After sly Beauties fain  
To love him and complain  
Not being loved again.  
He better liked a sweet  
Nice juicy bit of meat,  
Of mutton, beef, or pork,  
Which he took on a fork  
Full seemèly, nor raught. (*Chaucer*)  
Delicate mice he caught  
Were daintier, he thought,  
Than school-girl cats, howe'er  
Fine-eyed or fine of hair ;  
And many such there were.

No Chartreuse pious grey,  
No lop-ear of Malay, \*  
Or Madagascar Miss  
With twisted taile, to bliss  
Of Hymen could twist him ;  
White Persian hope grew dim,  
Silky Angora's slim,  
As certain both to fail  
As Manx Maid scant of taile.  
No wooing might avail  
With this unfeeling male,  
He wanted no sweethearts :  
The gizzards and tit-parts  
Of chickens he prefer'd,  
Or a plump youngling bird,  
Or toothsome tender rabbit,  
Had he the luck to grab it.  
Even tailes of rats or mice  
Were to his taste more nice  
And held of more account  
Than all that love-amount.  
Love-tailes were so absurd :  
For he if young had heard

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\* NOTE by the Editor. The Chinese Cat has long pendant ears, rabbit-like. The Malayan Cats and those also of the Isle of Madagascar are distinguished by their tails being curiously twisted or knotted. Miss Brown's natural history is generally most remarkably correct ; in the present instance however she has, it would appear, confounded the peculiar characteristics of the Chinese with those of the Malayan variety. She will not often be caught tripping, even in her liveliest moods.

A scrape of wisdom's saw  
From his old grandam ; Law !  
She used to say : my dear !  
You keep from misses clear !  
Quite time enough to wed  
When I am gravely dead.  
Certes she did not care  
To have her easy chair  
Invaded by a wife ;  
And she mislikèd strife,  
And would not be too free  
With Mrs. R.—not she,  
For worlds. I lose my taile.

One night they did prevail  
On Rob. It was a time  
Of early frosts. The rime  
Just whiten'd like a cake  
The very first day-break,  
But had not strength to hold.  
The evenings were that cold  
That schemers young or old  
Might find excuse to sleep  
Before the fire, or keep  
Alive with moving tailes.  
Well, one of these females,  
An old cat-dame, prevails  
On Robyn to attend,  
And Bob White too, a friend,  
Their dozings to partake.  
Or join them in a wake,  
A soirée musicale,

Anglicè Cattes' night squall.  
Venit, vidit, vicit!  
The English, Ma'am! of it  
Is first—he came and sat;  
Second—he saw his Catte;  
And third—what hap'd of that.  
Such poor Cæsarean wit!

The Catte he sat beside  
Was comely and her hide  
A pleasant kind of black. (*C.A.* 15)  
Well could she arch her back,  
And ripply as a river  
Her slender taile would quiver  
When sadder tailes oppress'd  
Her gentleness of breast.  
But if she were but pleased,  
She musically eased  
Her bosom with a purr,  
Persistent as a burr  
Upon a length of fur.  
Black was she, as I said,  
But when the sunshine play'd  
Upon her velvet skin,  
Outsiders, taken in,  
Took her for tabby,—lo!  
Gold stripes appear'd in row

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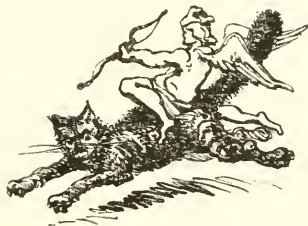
*C.A.* 15 "Black but comely" is, I am told, the true rendering of the text of Solomon; but in our American Bible (published in 1842 by the Messrs. Lippincott of Philadelphia) which my dear Miss Fields gave me when we came North, I find it corrected to "dark but beautiful."

Along her sides ; taile, head,  
Were fairly zebraèd,  
And radiant grew each hair.  
For grace she might compare  
With best She in a year  
You 'd find. Her eyen clear.  
Right proper she, I ween,  
To be our Katt-King's Queen,  
Majestic although slim,  
A consort worthy him.  
So leaping at her side  
His heart chose her for bride.

And she mew'd up, unwoo'd  
Before, would what she could,  
A virgin young and raw :  
She lifted up his paw  
And lick'd it, as to say  
"I 'm yours, to love, to obey,  
And honour,—or of that  
All may become a Catte."  
I am not rude to tell  
Young lovers' transports. Well!  
She loved and troth did plight.

And he loved her. Next night  
He for his Lady's sake,  
His love-thirst too to slake,  
Bethought him he would take  
His presents to her bower :  
No matter what. The hour  
Was right for a cat-call.

He nears the house——A squall,  
A spit, and over the wall  
A skurry! What is she  
Those revels leads? Ah me!  
What is it that he sees?  
That Most Adored of Shes  
Coquetting: on his knees  
A male Catt, his friend White.  
Dark Fate! how fell thy spite.  
Home went he back that night,  
Thought of his yester-kiss,  
Thought of his now lost bliss,  
Thought all the world a miss,  
Saw all her falsehood through,  
Foresaw young piebalds too,  
Forgave her, knew his part  
Was play'd.  
Then broke his heart.



## GLOSSARY

## AND TABLE OF EXPLANATIONS

for the occasions of the unlearned and undictionaried :

(*authorities varied.*)

CATALEPSY — When the cat-ropes are over tight in the fit.  
Heart-action however may continue.

CATAPASM — *v.a.* To dust : *e.g.* a boy's jacket. Found  
efficacious in cases of feint.

CATAPLASM — Mustard or other provocative or preventive  
according to the mode of application. An epithem.

CATSUP — Favourite drink of Cats ; made of mushrooms.

CATONIC — The old Roman hari-kari.

CATAPULT — An engine of peculiar cataballative quality.

*P. Cox Headlong Haul.*

CATADUPE — When a Cat is fooled by being flung into the  
river, as in our second fytt.

CATAMARAN — A flat-bottom'd Cat's boat for fishing.

CATANDROMOUS — Going seaward, returning salmon-like.

CATABASIONED — *v.p.* To be preserved, in sea-catacombs  
pickled, as a relic.

CATALYSED — Thawed, resolved into adieu. *Shakspeare.*

CATAGMATIC — With a view to bone-mending.

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## DROWNED

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd. *Shak pere.*

Never was cat drowned that could see the shore. *Proverb.*

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK proclaims our supper-time :

Not often at this hour doth Robyn leave.

Surely he must have heard that cheery chime !

Where is he wandering this wintry eve ?

Stare not at me apostrophizing so

Our dear dead Robyn of whom late I spoke

As broken-hearted ! He is dead, I know ;

But hearts are patchwork, to be mended broke.

Yes ! he was dead. The morrow of that day,

More truly of that sad eventful night,

Found was he, stark and stiff ; my sister May

Ran to me horrent-hair'd in tremulous fright.

'Twas catalepsy, said they,—a mistake !

The cataleptic is devoid of sense :

Dead or alive his sensitive heart would ache.

And some brute said, may be it 's all pretence.

We catapasm'd him,—tried sorts of salts,—  
Hot irons,—brimstone baths,—of no avail :  
We might as well have taught the Cat to waltz  
Steeping in catechu his stiffen'd taile.

We wrapp'd him in a potent cataplasm :  
It took the skin clean off his stomach fair,  
But gave him no relief. One wrinkling spasm,  
And he was off again, like a singed hair.

At length he oped his melancholy eyes,  
One little crack in the iris of our hope ;  
Sigh'd, wink'd and sneezed, so wink'd again and sigh'd  
As taking side with life : as one the rope

Has fail'd to finish on the gallows tree.  
Such similes be hang'd ! We brought him to ;  
But knew three lives were gone, yes ! surely three,  
A third of his nine tailes, if tailes be true.

And since that death he was an alter'd Cat :  
Took much to drink, catsup ; stay'd out o' nights,  
In spirit haunting her. Blame not for that !  
He only did according to his lights.

Heart-broken quite, his little bark a wreck,  
Grown cynical, he reck'd not where he sail'd :  
Some times his fancy paced hope's frailest deck,  
Others his fancy's tether was curtail'd.

Who, who shall medicine a mind diseased ?  
Throw physic to the dogs ! Why catechise ?

We gave him sedatives,—he only sneezed ;  
Gave morphia,—and we slept not for his cries.

For in his dreams he saw that heartless thing  
That slew him ; then did he unsheathe his claws,  
His taile stood up on end, and he would fling  
His wild legs out without a thought of pause.

And day and night he 'd wander, sighing sore  
For that so beauteous and most faithless sake.  
Dead was he, could we but have said no more :  
Alive, a set of bare bones with an ache.

And he perhaps had slain himself again :  
Once, twice, upon the sharp sword of his woe  
Had harikaried, but for this refrain—  
He might miscarry throwing six, you know.

No laws of honour or the best Japan  
Prescribe continuous Catonics, so he  
Dead might survive, to endure for yet a span  
The hopeless lover's love-lorn agony.

From the poetic vision nought is hid :  
This asking why he comes not is a sham ;  
I knew while looking at the tea-pot lid  
He could not come, no more than a dead clam.

The eyes of sense were on the coffee-grounds ;  
My spirit track'd him as he slowly pass'd  
Along a field-side, then with sudden bounds  
Beheld him over the fences, till at last

I watch'd him by the river, glancing down  
Sadly upon the tide, high tied with frost;  
I knew the ice was thin, to him unknown;  
I knew if he should try it he 'd be lost.

I saw him gaze (O that disconsolate gaze!)  
Upon the desolate waste; then in a trice  
On his four legs his heavy body raise  
And catapult-like heave it on the ice.

A cataract supervened. I thought his eyes  
Must suffer from the cataract or the scratch;  
I thought of his weak health,—'twas so unwise  
To marshal strength a mere catarrh to catch.

When last we cataduped him he came back!  
Is he catandromous now? To let him through  
The ice was thin enough, but not to crack  
From underneath. What will poor Robyn do?

O my, Kok Robyn! why is Death thy foe?  
Where art thou now? my Cat, my gracious!  
Under the grim flood of Cocytus slow (*Spenser*)  
Thy dwelling is in Erebus' black house.

There the young imps of Night, first wife of Death,  
Play "cat" with thee, and find their fell delight  
Striking thee up, seeing thee out of breath  
And falling headlong like a tail-less kite.

Reflection brings thee to thy briny grave,  
Dump'd on a heap of grimy oyster-shells,

Where o'er thy corse funereal sea-weeds wave,  
And nasty sea-nymphs hourly ring thy knells.

A damp ghost in a catamaran he roams  
A-fishing through the forests of the sea,  
His catabasion'd bones in the catacombs  
With piscid skeletons of high degree.

Or if not yet quite thoroughly catalysed,  
Can he get flesh on clams? O Cat alive!  
Albeit some squalid cat-fish (*squalus*) so apprised  
May hospitably for thy health contrive.

Mayhap some blue-hair'd Nereid pick'd him up,  
Catagmatic: on her cold knees he stays,  
Learning on sailor sausage how to sup,  
And sea-cow's milk. I hate their fishy ways.

Perchance some whale like Jonah gobbled him:  
Will he return like Jonah? Who shall say?  
Five-lived he roves in those recesses dim,  
Praying for him who took him for a prey.

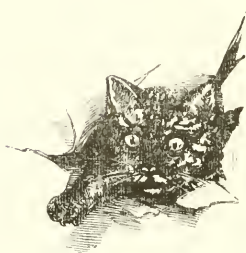
If the same whale as Jonah's, may it please  
The Prophet, might such be his horrorscope!  
That whale, so is it writ in Portuguese, (*Southey*)  
Doubled as Jonah's bark the Cape Good-Hope.

I can not think him lost to me: perhaps  
Some cataclysm may lend a helping hand,  
Picking our darling's bones from marine laps,  
Throwing him up upon his native land.

Time has to show. But, Hattie! while your gaze  
Intreats the Future for his welcome ghost,  
The tea is cooling. And her father says—  
The Cat be d——d (that's drown'd)—  
Pass me the toast!

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For hard words turn back to Glossary at page 32.



## MARGARET

In Sanscrit Margaras or Margery, Cat-liking.

THE NEXT TIME our Kok Robyn died,  
It fell upon this wise,—  
A foolish thing, but children's deeds,  
They need not much surprize :  
The biggest baby may not know  
The reason of its sighs.  
Men are but children of a larger growth,  
And groaning an accomplishment of both.

A gentle girl was Margaret, (*Nell's sister*)  
Yet sturdy therewithal :  
No lass was nimbler on her pegs,  
And, good in Spring or Fall,  
She liked fair weather courtesies  
And didn't mind a squall.  
Upon our back-door step this happy child  
Sat with a lunch in hand and eating smiled.

Our rare red Margaret ! her cheeks  
Like tips o' the daisy-flower,



Our Pearl of girls, with divers gifts  
 Of loveliness and power :  
 Her smiles were like a morn of May,  
 Her tears an April shower,—  
 Of May and April in those steady climes  
 Where months return at their expected times.

It was the pleasant time of Spring,  
 With Summer coming fast ;  
 The frogs were all a-caroling,  
 Old Winter gone aghast :  
 Though frogs sing well he better likes  
 The song of a Nor-east blast.  
 De gustibus non est—I'd rather hark  
 To a full bull-frog chorus, after dark.

A chunk of thickly-butter'd bread  
 She held in either hand,  
 The butter under,—'tis a thing  
 That children understand ;  
 And our Kok Robyn went and came  
 At the dear child's command,  
 Well pleased to share his lady's humble fare.  
 'Twas partly with that purpose he was there.

Now Meg, though not a miller's gir  
 Nor Trulliber at all,  
 Did like her bread and butter and,  
 When chanced so to befall,  
 A puff of jam. Her appetite  
 Was certainly—not small.  
 She gave a solid magnum to the Cat ;



But he Tom-like was not content with that.

And as he ate she would him chide,  
 With "Daddy ! why is this? C.A. 16  
 You 've been away so long of late  
 From me, a woeful miss.  
 For I did miss you, Robyn dear !"

Here she gave Rob a kiss.

"How wet you are, my love ! and, dear ! your skin  
 Tastes very salt : my sweet ! where have you been ?"

She spoke but truth : much had she grieved  
 For Robyn, lost of late,—  
 For she had loved him from his birth,  
 In his most kittenish state.  
 The fourth abduction of her dear  
 Had left her desolate.

She spoke as mothers do when their lost heirs  
 Come home escaped from drowning unawares,

Scolding to hide her pride of heart,  
 For she on him had spread  
 Love butter-like ; he calmly lick'd  
 The butter from her bread.

"O Robyn ! you are naughty, Sir !

Get off my lap ?" she said,

And push'd him off ; he coming to the ground  
 Chevied his barr'd tail for a moment round,

C.A. 16 In Sanscrit Dadhi-karnas, or Butter-ears, is the Cat with the white or butter (cream) coloured ears which my Robyn had. See the *Pancattantrums* again. The jackal is Dadhi-puccas, or Butter-tail.

Then stroll'd away, displeased, in scorn  
 Of bread and mistress' wrath.  
 Near by the ash-barrel stood, in which  
 He jump'd, and quickly hath  
 Pick'd out a fish-bone. Will he take  
 Again a fishward path?  
 I can not tell you what kind 'twas of bone:  
 Perhaps the name to him was not unknown.

I said that he was Margaret's pet:  
 In youth, even now not old,  
 She 'd bear him in her pinafore,  
 Or wrap him from the cold  
 In her warm cloak: but little chance  
 Of straying from that fold.  
 Yet he would stray, the Irish Scripture says—  
 Skedaddle, scattering on many ways. *C.A.* 17

So pretty was it in that time  
 To see the child-like Puss  
 Chasing his shadow and racing like  
 Some little human cuss,  
 Frisking about so frolicsome.  
 It was great fun to us,  
 The elder children, but to Margery  
 It was a play she never tired to see.

For him she 'd drag the ball of thread—  
 'Twas mostly worsted, drew

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*C.A.* 17 This in an old Irish Bible: I will smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be "squadad ol." *Mark, chap. 14, ver. 27*, and elsewhere.

For him an imitation mouse,  
Or made the kit leap through  
Her guardian hands ; and many a trick  
The merry playmates knew.  
He was her brother, lover, and her child ;  
And he then young was also love-beguiled.

It was her wont to watch the birds :  
The thrush's scarlet throat  
Pleased her, and of his namesake she  
Had learn'd the fate by rote,  
Indeed by heart, and of Jane Wren  
To Robyn so devote :  
So she unto her favourite gave the name  
Of Kok Robyn, and this one is the same.

What ails him now ? thinks Margaret.  
Upon the grass he lies.  
What strange reflections doth he make ?  
How opalesque his eyes !  
And from his mouth projects a bone  
Which with forepaws he tries  
To wrench away. Alas ! the bone is stuck  
Too fast. O woe for her poor Robyn's luck.

Her end of bread and butter dropt,  
One rush into the house,  
A scream, a real Spring burst of tears,  
And then her head falls souse  
Into her marveling mother's lap.  
No little cat-scared mouse  
E'er faster ran than she from fear of Rob,

And scarce could speak for interpose of sob

That shook her. But at last between

Her sobs came out one word :

“Rob,” sob, then “Rob,” then sob : in this  
Same order they occur’d.

’Twas quite a while ere any one  
The true adventure heard.

Then we went out and found him lying there,  
Dead, choked, with all his legs like telegraph  
poles in the air.

Nothing is gain’d by sighs, my dear !

Musing to Meg I said.

Though you were twice as big, I fear,  
The Cat were no less dead.

These things remain among the queer ;  
And now it ’s time for bed.

So I choked off the choked one’s little mourner,  
And happily swung my taile to Finis Corner.



## HANGED

Hang me in a pudding-bag like a cat ! *Shakspeare.*

As a cat likes mustard. *Proverb.*

O HANG THE CAT ! said Martin :

But before it went that rough

We had suffer'd no end of trouble

And given him rope enough.

We had spring chickens that summer,

A very promising brood ;

And Robyn he went a-poaching

Like any Robin would. (*Hood ?*)

Poach'd eggs we never had minded,

But chickens black and tan,

Poach'd in the cook's own manor,

And not in a frying-pan.

Three black, and two of a lovely brown,

One speckled, and one all white :

And the nasty thief, he ate them raw ;

And the last was a favourite.

I have implored him, almost with tears,  
In a most intreating tone,  
Assuring him when the chicks grew up  
He never should lose a bone.

I've even been on my knees to him,  
Many a time and oft,  
Proving how wise it would be to wait :  
But he never was that soft.

I pray'd him for love of his mistress dear  
To let those nurslings alone ;  
But ever he turn'd a deafer ear,—  
He "liked them not full-grown."

Then we muster'd two or three deceased  
(Mustard, they said, would check  
His appetite), and we tied the least  
Tight round the caitiff's neck.

We laugh'd at the grim grimace he made,  
O we all did laugh amain  
As he tasted it first, but he muster'd hope  
And went for a lick again.

Why, the chick was just as yellow all o'er  
As if it wore down of gold ;  
I felt how his poor mouth would be sore,  
And I hadn't the heart to scold.

He tugg'd at the string, it didn't break ;  
Then he lick'd the mustard off

And ate up his necklace all but the string  
With never a sneeze or cough.

Nothing he cared : he the mustard lick'd  
And he neither purr'd nor swore ;  
But, the second drumstick nicely pick'd,  
Went off and drumm'd for more.

And every season following that,  
With seasoning or without,  
He seem'd to savour his poultry more :  
Our broods so came to nought.

So Cook and Martin a plot they laid  
To bring Kok Rob to grief.  
They borrow'd of Pa a ball of twine  
To cure the chicken thief,

They gave him hinder quarters in  
An elegant pudding-bag,  
And tied his fore-paws up with tape,  
And stopp'd his jaw with rag.

They drew the cord of the bag quite fair  
One end of it held by each,  
Not close,—with just enough of room  
For a penitent's dying speech.

Draw tight ! said Martin, and the twine  
He pull'd. The Cat was dumb.  
'Twas Cook that yell'd : inside the cord  
The Cook had poked her thumb,

And Robyn, he dropp'd into the bag,—  
They dared not view his corse.  
And if he shamm'd, or if the Cook  
Was smitten with remorse,

Or of mere tender-heartedness,  
As cook'd hearts may be so,  
She thus had kindly thrust her thumb,  
Intent to let him go,

Or if a miracle (who knows?)  
Had spared his sixthly breath,  
Or if one of his four-left lives  
Was forfeited to Death,

Shall not be known until the end,  
When all nine lives are gone  
And he arises to reclaim  
His last vertebral bone.

The pudding-bag, Kok Robyn's shroud,  
Was missing from that day.  
Was Robyn buried in it? or did  
He carry it away?





## SHOT

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine and thrice again to make up nine.

*Shakspeare.*

SWIFTLY our Indian Summer came and went :  
The crimson maple leaves were trampled down,  
The yellow chestnuts in one storm had spent  
Their gold ; and now the woodside all was brown,  
Save for some hemlock standing in its gown  
Of green perennial. Then there came a snap  
Of biting cold. That too had come and gone ;  
And warmer days return'd, with pleasant hap  
For the sun-loving things on kindly Nature's lap.

The birds, collecting for their southern flight,  
Drifted around our homestead. Fine times these  
For Master Robyn,—who ere morning's light  
Clomb to the roosts upon the leafless trees  
And caught the helpless sleepers at his ease ;  
Then to his larder, the top cellar-stair,  
Took them, a sight that might his mistress please  
Thought he. She waken'd, he would make repair  
To show her of his prey and providential care.

But not content with plentiful supply,  
Brought daily to his board, of choicest food,  
His greed, or wantonest fancy, would set by  
Home-sureties for chance forage in the wood,—  
In sooth a too inviting neighbourhood.  
Here would he roam, still seeking newer game ;  
And of his prowess proud as Robin Hood  
Rejoiced him in the wild,—he scorn'd the tame.  
Meseems that beasts and men are verily the same.

For also through this woodland often pass'd  
The idle fowler out for holiday.  
Well, Robyn, fowling too, his quick eyes cast  
Upon a tree whereup a squirrel grey  
Was running, like a lightning run wrong way.  
Good cheer ! said Robyn, following up the tree.  
The fowler saw but Skug ; ere one could say  
Back, Robyn ! he had fired ; and Robyn he  
Received the leaden fare sent as the squirrel's fee.

And like a lump of lead, so Robyn fell.  
A Cat-bird, close at hand, beheld his fall  
And caught the accents of his passing yell,  
Forthwith repeating it with sudden call,  
So like unto a four-legg'd caterwaul  
That all the birds were frighten'd at the sound ;  
Till he, the many-voiced, address'd them all  
In their own music, hastening them around  
To note the Cat as trophy lying on the ground.

Bidding them to the great Cat's funeral games,  
And calling on them, each and every one,

With summons to them by their several names  
To attend. But willing answer he gat none,  
Perch'd on his bough, the dead Cat o'er, alone.  
Only the hawk high hovering, skied and free,  
Shriek'd from his poise "the game is all my own."  
And the half-waken'd owl, hid in his tree,  
Repeated "all my own" and hooted out his glee.

The other birds,—the bobolink, the thrush,  
The oriole, the wren, the chickadee,  
And every bird that singeth from a bush,  
Or skyward soars, or through the grass goes free,  
Gave answer, one and all, "What fools were we  
To honour him with mourning who hath slain  
So many of us. Our worst foe was he.  
Wherefore instead of sorrow let us strain  
Our tuneful throats in thanks to the Caticide again."

Thus they exultingly. Meanwhile the Dead,  
Only cat-dead, crawl'd painfully away.  
He could not die in peace so canopied  
With just reproach. All through that weary day  
He dragg'd him step by step; oft had to stay,  
For pain; but reach'd at last our garden fence,  
Powerless to clamber o'er. There let him lay!  
False grammar? Byron wrote so. What pretence  
Have I to better him? You understand the sense.

Next morn was bright and sunny; he lay there  
(Lay there is right) all motionless, quite dead.  
What wandering voice, or wind, or bird in the air,  
To the other side his hapless story said?



Some warrior donn'd such head-gear, nathless he  
 Foe-ward is harmless as an infant's dream.  
 With them green-clad Cecropia. All the three 8  
 Were giants. Follow'd them a lowlier company.

The warted and scant-robed Liparians; 9  
 The crested Sycamore with orange hood; 10  
 The thornless, downy, soft Egerians; 11  
 The pale blue Communist, misunderstood; 12  
 The Zebra, learner than I who could 13  
 Those runes decipher written on his back;  
 The Velled scarce distinguishable from wood; 14  
 The Loop-worm, archly bent upon his track, 15  
 As fear'd to march too fast, in dread of some attack.

The Skipper, noted for his cleanly house; 16  
 The tufted, particolour'd Harlequin; 17  
 The tufted Owls, that on the maple browze; 18  
 The slender Spindle-worms with hairless skin, 19  
 Corn-witherers they; Tent-Habitors who spin 20  
 Their path from twig to twig, from leaf to leaf,  
 Holding a clue for safe returning in  
 From foraging; the Cut-worm, greasy thief! 21  
 Whose greed to the gardener is so daily ground of  
 grief.

The naked Hunchback with his sixteen legs, 22  
 If legs which sometimes barely pass for feet;  
 The Apple-Attila, whose hundred eggs 23  
 Lie in one patch till hatch'd by summer heat;  
 The Wood-Nymph and the Ruiner of Wheat, 24 25  
 Venomous Maia, and Ephestion brown; 26 27  
 The Borer of the Peach, who hath his seat 28

Within the bark; the Tussock, hickory-known; 29  
And Dryocampa who sets stoutest oaks to groan. 30

The Parsley-worm in robe of apple-green 31

Spotted with black and yellow alternate,

With orange-colour'd horns,—he came between

The pale green Cabbage-Eater and the great 32

Thorn-tail'd Potato-worm; the elm-tree's hate, 33

Horn-shoulder Sphynx and poplar Porcupine; 34 35

The grape-destroying Hog, in native state; 36

The dog-tail'd Devastator of the Vine:— 37

Slowly they crept along, a long funereal line.

The bristly Hedgehog, brush-like closely shorn; 38

The Fall Web-worm, of greenish yellow hue, 39

Black-dotted and black striped, who leaves forlorn

Our autumn trees; the Luna, greenish blue; 40

The Forest-Pest, black yellow lined, that thro' 41

Great woods devouring passes; Io spined; 42

The Locust Cossus, the Sack-Bearer too; 43 44

Slowly, with lingering steps, came on behind 45

The Shrivell'd Hag, or Slug, so sluggish is her mind.

After these march'd a multitudinous crew:

All shapes, all colours,—greyish white and red

And tawny yellow, black and green and blue,

Orange, ash-grey and purple, striped, or spread

With various spots, some horned, some with head

Crested and body many legg'd and long:

Fruit-spoilers, borers, spinners of the thread,

Six-eyed, and claw'd, with jaws and nippers strong:

A motley many-visaged life-destroying throng!

This monstrous swarm of Lepidopterous birth,  
 Too numerous to recount, such hosts are here,  
 Came honouring the virtue and great worth  
 Of Him the BIRD-SLAYER who year by year  
 Had charter'd them to live unvex'd by fear,  
 To increase and multiply. Protector now  
 Was none save men or boys who nought revere,  
 Who shoot poor birds at rest on some near bough,  
 Or rob their nests : such thefts O why does Law  
 allow?

The Lepidoptera past (all silent they,  
 Too fresh their grief for intermit of word),  
 Above the trampling of the funeral way  
 A sound of mournful music might be heard,  
 As if remorse for silence just then stirr'd  
 The monotone of sorrow. So it is :  
 Even too long sorrowful silence seems absurd ;  
 The heart must speak. And better suffer this  
 Than the melodious moan of melancholy miss,

And also lose the pure heart-moving tale,  
 The poet's minor song, that plaint most sweet  
 Which from the full jug of the nightingale——  
 But such reflections vainly now intreat,  
 Albeit for our sad subject not unmeet.  
 Speaking of music,—as I speak there comes  
 A clearer sound ; and now my sense complete,  
 As one at feasts discriminates the crumbs,  
 Mine ear distinguishes the bray of kettledrums.

Broad-headed, prominent-eyed, and shortly limb'd,  
 Straight wings diaphonous now undisplay'd

The Kettledrummers pacing slowly hymn'd, 46  
 In kettledrummish language be it said, C.A. 18  
 The laud of that great Cat so grandly laid  
 Beneath his catafalque, for whom they sang  
 (Or instrumented—are not throats too made?)  
 Their high Magnificat, with mile-heard bang.  
 Deafen'd I was as near arrived the tuneful gang.

When these had pass'd, ere yet the hymn' was hid  
 In the dim distance, came the Grylli by, 47  
 Crying capriciously "This Cat, he did,  
 He did, he did," with iterative cry,  
 As at an Irish wake—why did he die?  
 And following their untuned, unvarying din  
 Cymbals and Tabors echoed swift reply, 48  
 The while the Players on the Violins 49  
 Their bow-legs plied,—one tired, the other leg  
 begins. C.A. 19  
 All leaping as they went; and in their train  
 The Meadow-Dancers, dancing as in Ind 50

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C.A. 18 "These drums are formed of convex pieces of parchment, gathered into numerous fine plaits, lodged in cavities on the side of the body, behind the thorax. They are not play'd upon with sticks; but by muscles and cords fastened to the insides of the drums . . . which enables them to emit an excessively loud sound, which may be heard at the distance of a mile." *Harris, on Insects &c. page 204.*

C.A. 19 "The males have not the cymbals and tabors of the crickets and grasshoppers; their instruments may rather be likened to violins, their hind legs being the bows. . . . When one begins to play he bends the shank of one hind leg beneath the thigh, where it is lodged in a furrow designed to receive it, and then draws the leg briskly up and down. . . . He does not play both fiddles together, but plays them alternately." *Harris, on Insects &c. page 165.*



Those dervishes whom fraud or pious pain  
Compels ; and then a sound of rushing wind  
Fill'd all the space, and hearers' ears were dinn'd  
As swept the locusts by in hot desire,  
Like noise of chariots yet by war unthinn'd  
With many horses charging in their ire,  
Or crackling of the prairie overrun with fire.

These broke the long procession's equal line :  
Soon link'd up by the Scarabæian guards,—  
Each one with vizor closed, as sorrowing sign  
Respectful for the Dead. All eyes towards  
Their glorious panoplies with keen regards  
Were cast, some bright with cataphracted gold,  
Some fairly striped and beautiful as pards,  
Others in splendid colours manifold,  
Catadioptrical, most lovely to behold.

Muse ! name a few before they quit thy sight !  
Proclaim their blazons so the world may know  
How Robyn honour'd was for all the spite  
Of Fate, too frequent worker of his woe !—  
The shining Areods led in the show, 51  
With golden helmet, lemon-colour'd cloak,  
And breeches brown but with a brassy glow,  
Shaded with green. No Morning ever woke  
More radiantly attired ; each bore a sprig of oak.

The spotted Pelidnotæ, plainer dress'd, 52  
Be noted next ! with mantle dully red  
Spotted with black, and darker bronzed vest,  
Their nether limbs in bronze green garmented.



With a broad vine-leaf shadow'd each his head.  
 The Omalophians mark! in chestnut gown. 53  
 But look again! The chestnut-colour fled,  
 'Tis red, 'tis green that overcomes the brown;  
 And now it takes all hues to Iris' self beknown.

In creamy white, with train of blue, array'd,  
 The Melolonthans carry each a rose, 54  
 A damask rose-bud on a vine-leaf laid.  
 Lo where behind them black Atrata goes! 55  
 Indian Cetonia follows: as he throws 56  
 His overcoat of brownish yellow back  
 (Sprent with black spots irregular) it glows  
 With pearly tints. His undercoat is black;  
 His pantaloons are red. No glory doth he lack.

Humming a tune, he nibbles at a peach,  
 Which scarcely tasted he will fling aside:  
 A reckless rout of ruffians, all and each,  
 Cetonia leads. With him his brother, wide 57  
 Across the chest, and strong, with martial stride;  
 His armour coppery-lustrous, purplish black:  
 One knows him better by his scented hide,  
 Like Russian leather. Well-betray'd his track!  
 He hopes not for escape unless pursuit be slack.

See where the giant-born Lucanians stalk! 58  
 The after dwarfs will the Snout-bearers be; 59  
 These Pea-Devourers, stealthy in their walk; 60  
 Red tails foretell the Attelabidæ; 61  
 Corn weevils these Curculionidæ,— 62  
 Garb of deep brown cream-spotted they affect.

In violet tinged with green Cerambix see! 63  
With velvet black and gold is Clytus deck'd: 64  
The golden zigzag bands adown his sides deflect.

As at some noble's funeral may come  
After patrician carriages the shay  
Or commoner waggon, so behind this scum  
Of pride in its magnificent array  
The dregs of mourning follow'd: not that they  
By me are deem'd unfitted to a Muse;  
But that time fails me at this turn to say  
All their distinctions. Yet a few I choose:  
The true historian knows no insignificant news.

The whole tribe of Aphididæ was there,—  
Saltatory Psyllæ and the Aphides:  
The last a crowd innumerable,—no pair  
Of eyes could separate such swarms as these,  
Nor quickest thought their differences seize.  
The Coccidæ apart were from the rest.  
Little in any was the eye to please:  
Some in some kind of tawdry finery dress'd.  
Some shabby, taken in mass a lousy lot at best.

Hopp'd next the Tettigonians; and then came 65  
The sad Corei: well might all be sad, 66  
These and the hosts forerunning, for the same  
Knew of the potent enemies they had  
In honest birds, in humane service glad  
To rid the earth of predatory kind,—  
White-wing'd Lygæons and such robbers bad, 67  
Who with the Phytocorians came behind. 68

Many are there the like, who throng into my mind.

I would go on, and tell you yet of more  
 Who interest took in that dear Cat deceased,  
 Dreading bird-enmity: ay! count the score  
 Of trespass, nor omit the very least,—  
 Since Curiosity, insatiate beast!  
 Asks nothing less of me: but I am tired,  
 And Pegasus demands to be released.  
 He'll budge no farther for cat's sake, tho' hired,  
 Well-fed and ridden well and never more admired.

I could go on. Do not I hear the wings?  
 They crowd upon my gaze! my poor brains whirl!  
 The Urocèrids, with spear-headed stings, 69  
 Harpies that at our feasts their canvas furl, 70  
 And Tortrices—My note-book's leaves upcurl  
 As they——

At this the wondrous vision fled.

I heard Ma talking with a neighbour's girl.  
 "It is that insect Harris book," Ma said,  
 "The nasty insect book put maggots in her head."



A Harpy

## FUNEREA CATALOGUE

## THE PERSONAGES OF THE PAST PROCESSION.

## LEPIDOPTERA

1 *Arctia Virgo*, 2 *Arctia Scribonia*, 3 *Arctia Virginica*,  
 4 *Arctia Urticae* or *Erminia*, 5 *Arctia Acraea*, 6 *Attacus*  
*Polyphemus*, 7 *Ceratocampa regalis*, 8 *Attacus Cecropia*,  
 9 *Liparidae*, 10 *Lophocampa tessellaris*, 11 *Aegeriadae*,  
 12 *Clisiocampa silvatica*, 13 *Mamestra picta*, 14 *Velleda*,  
 15 *Geometra*, 16 *Eudamus Tityrus*, 17 *Asclepias Syriaca*  
 18 *Noctuae*, 19 *Gortyna Zeae*, 20 *Clisiocampa Americana*  
 21 *Agrotis Devastator*, 22 *Notodontadae*, 23 *Pygaera*  
*ministra*, 24 *Eudryas* or *Bombyx grata*, 25 *Noctua cubi-*  
*cularis*, 26 *Saturnia Maia*, 27 *Nymphalis Ephestion*, 28  
*Trochilium exitiosum*, 29 *Lophocampa Caryae*, 30 *Dryo-*  
*campa senatoria*, 31 *Papilio Asterias*, 32 *Pontia oleracea*,  
 33 *Sphinx quinquemaculatus*, 34 *Ceratomia quadricornis*  
 35 *Vanessa Antiopa*, 36 *Choerocampa Pampinatrix*, 37  
*Philampelus Achemon*, 38 *Arctia Isabella*, 39 *Hyphantria*  
*textor*, 40 *Attacus Luna*, 41 *Anisopterix*, 42 *Saturnia Io*,  
 43 *Xyleutes Robiniae*, 44 *Peropthera Melsheimerii*, 45  
*Limacodes pithecium*.

## HEMIPTERA

46 *Cicadae* (Harvest-Flies, misnamed Locusts).

## Orthoptera

47 *Platyphillum concavum*, 48 *Achetadae* (Crickets) and  
*Gryllidae* (Grasshoppers), 50 *Orchelimum vulgare*.

## COLEOPTERA

51 *Areoda lanigera*, 52 *Pelidnota punctata*, 53 *Omalophia sericea*, 54 *Melolontha subspinoso*, 55 *Melolontha atrata*, 56 *Cetonia Inda*, 57 *Osmoderma scaber*, 58 *Lucanidae*, 59 *Rhyncophoridae*, 60 *Bruchidae*, 61 *Atelabus analis*, 62 *Curculio Pales*, 63 *Callidium violaceum*, 64 *Clytus speciosus* or *Hayii*.

## HEMIPTERA

65 *Tettigoniae*, 66 *Coreus tristis*, 67 *Lygaeus leucopterus*  
68 *Phytocoris lineolaris*.

## HYMENOPTERA

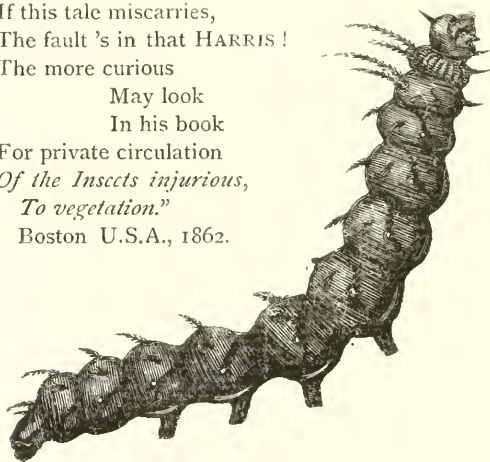
69 *Uroceris albicornis*.

## DIPTERA

70 *Musca Harpyia* or *domestica*.



If this tale miscarries,  
The fault 's in that HARRIS !  
The more curious  
    May look  
    In his book  
For private circulation  
" *Of the Insects injurious,*  
    *To vegetation.*"  
Boston U.S.A., 1862.



King *Ceratocampa*

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

Every day's no Yule : cast the cat a castock. *Proverb.*

To go like a cat on a hot bake-stone. *Id.*

THANKSGIVING DAY is once a year :  
Thanksgiving cheer——Ah, well-away !

Forgive a rhyme like broken sherds !  
For length of words grief hath not time.

Sad, sad my tale ; my tears drop hot :  
Vain tears, God wot ! they nought avail.

Yet, when I think of happier days,  
And all the ways that did so link

My life to his, the tears must fall.  
Bliss to recall is bale, I wis.

I see him still, his eyes on mine,  
Through woeful brine my eyes full fill.

Again he stands and curls beside,  
To have his hide smooth'd by my hands.

That sleek soft fur,—I see it now,  
And hear his low contented purr.

I see his stripes of gold and black,  
The well-arch'd back, the nose he wipes

With cleanly paw, and that spry taile  
(Might bear a flaile—upright as Law),

His shapely legs, stretch'd tow'rd the fire  
When hot desire for solace begs,

His comely head hid 'neath his thighs  
When coil'd he lies upgathered

A blessed heap snug on my lap—  
Asleep mayhap or feigning sleep,

His eyes that blink in light of day  
And seem to say "I think I think,"

His gentle claws which hurt not much,  
The tender touch of his sheathed paws,

His pretty ways, his clever tricks :  
Here, Memory ! fix thy foolish gaze !

Again he climbs my shoulder's height—  
His old delight——O happy times !



No more, no more can ye return——  
Fire! wherefore burn? O oven door!

O sad cook wench! Her fingers ply  
The dough, for pie, while on a bench

Beside her lies Kok Robyn, who  
Hath nought to do but wink his eyes

And watch her work. Alas! who knows  
What direful woes in the future lurk?

Now in the dish plump chickens laid,  
The white paste made quite to her wish,

She places it on the oven shelf  
And turns herself for another fit.

Dear Robyn owns one weak defeat:  
He loves the meat on chicken bones.

Her head is turn'd; he enters, sly,—  
Behind the pie lies undiscern'd.

Now punkin pies in turn are made,  
And, unaffray'd by prophecies,

The making o'er, the pies are slid  
Where Robyn's hid, she slams the door,

Heaps on the coal, the oven heats;  
Kok Robyn sweats: Saints save his soul!

Muse, draw thy veil ; no mews we heard,  
Deaf as a Kurd, she miss'd his taile.

But when the oven yawn'd to yield its freight  
Of culinary gifts, what squall was that  
Scaring the guests whose hunger had to wait?  
The astonied Cook drew out in scatter'd state  
Some piecrusts, chicken bones, and one

DEAD CAT.

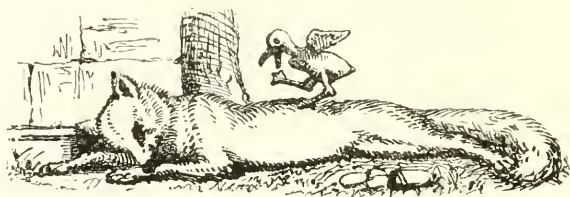
\* \* Our dear Hattie in her fond appeal for the soul of Robyn had no thought, we are sure, of speaking in any way profanely. Allowance may be made for the unpreparedness of the sudden horrific catastrophe. And she had probably read the writings of that eminent divine and scholar, Mr. Jno. Skelton, rector of Dis and poet-laureat to his late excellent Majesty Henry VIII, in whose erudite poem of "Phyllip Sparowe" we may read—  
"Good Lord, have mercy upon my Sparowe's soul !"

Also the Rev. Mr. Sterne appears of the same thought, as—

"A Cat has a soul, an't please your Honour."

Which is more to the purpose. Absolute originality we do not claim for Miss Brown, and she should be judged accordingly.

EDITOR.



## MYSTERY

What a caterwauling you do keep. *Shakspeare.*

WE KNEW on what a thread hung Robyn's life,  
And pray'd him to be careful ; but as rife  
As ever were his wanderings in and out.  
We seldom learn'd ought of his whereabouts.  
Still, when a week had gone without a sight  
Of his fool's tabard, anxious love grew white  
With apprehension, troublesome for news.  
I did not mention that all kinds of stews  
And broils and pies and funeral baked meats,  
Even cold, he hated now ; and made retreats  
From coals and cinders out into the snow,  
Which was quite deep, and never let us know  
How to provide for him, so had to fast  
For days and days, his mind his sole repast.

The bitter winter had begun at last,  
With fitful gusts of wind and stinging snow ;  
Then clearer weather, and the earth below  
Ice-bound ; and then a poor essay at glow  
And possibly a chance of some o' rain ;  
Then the white feathers flutter'd down again ;

Then lace and sparkling jewels hung on the trees,  
 Next morning bootied to their very knees  
 In white, the delicate slim birches bow'd  
 Before the majesty of frost, or cow'd  
 By the mere weight of ice, like milkmaid's yoke ;  
 And under eaves of snow brown walls of oak ;  
 White copings on the hemlocks, and, still seen,  
 Some slurs of yellow ice beneath the green ;  
 And then again a heavier fall o'erspreads  
 The landscape, only here and there the heads  
 Of greyish hedgehog spines above the white,  
 Those dimly visible.

On such a night

Robyn, who since Thanksgiving Day had shirk'd  
 The warm fire-side, and but too often lurk'd  
 Where ovens were not, took it in his head,  
 Or it might suit my taile (he had been fed  
 On milk scarce thaw'd, within it parboil'd bread)  
 To wander woodward in this snowy depth o'  
 Winter, where his wilful vow like Jephtha  
 Brought him to trouble. Several mornings kiss'd  
 The eaves' long icicles ; and still we miss'd  
 Our household Robyn. Why should I persist  
 As if I hoped the rime would raise a ghost?  
 Our Robyn came not : Robyn must be lost.

My uncle Slate (some people call him Slade),  
 His name was Ebenezer, was by trade  
 A spirit-dealer. I don't mean he sold  
 Spirituous liquors, either hot or cold,  
 But he call'd spirits from the vasty deep  
 Glendower-like wholesale, retailing cheap

To whoso would. He was what the poor Injine  
Would call a most almighty Medicene,  
No medium man. He'd taken his degree  
At Philadelphia or in Germany,  
And studied much among the Chippewas,  
Where Catlin found him, balancing of straws  
And swallowing knives, or acting other sleights  
To keep poor ignorant squaws awake o' nights  
With admiration of the marvelous man.  
By birth he was a full-blood African,  
Born at Congo ; had join'd a caravan  
In youth and visited Egypt, where he learn'd  
Mosaic work ; had been in the Bush, and burn'd  
His skin in Australasian lands ; in Ind  
Had sometime raised the Devil if not the wind ;  
Could beat Aladdin's Uncle at his tricks  
Of lamps and air-castles ; knew how to fix  
A ghost by simple twirling of his thumbs ;  
Had been down Babylonish catacombs  
And read on Solomon's Seal the mystic words  
That taught him languages of beasts and birds  
And fishes, which the same at his command,  
A nod, obey'd him ; he could understand  
Signs of the times, and of the Zodiac ;  
He had stood with the Devil, back to back,  
And faced the whirlwind ; he one night had hid  
Himself in the middle of the Pyramid  
Of Djizeh and conversed with Pharaoh's ghost ;  
And he had been in Lapland, where they boast  
Their Wizards. Even there he ruled the roast.

This was my Uncle, on my Mother's side :

My Father's name was Brown, but fair his hide.  
No ebon he, Sir ! he was baptised James,  
And set no store upon those magic games.  
But Mother had of sorcery a spice.  
So, when Rob was not found, we sought advice  
Of Uncle Eben. Did I say before  
He was likewise a joiner, therefore more  
Knowing than most folk to put this and that  
Together. We would tell him of the Cat  
Miss'd so mysteriously, and claim his help  
For Rob's recovery. Why, many a whelp  
Straying from doting mistress Uncle had  
Restored, and oft housewifely hearts made glad  
With home-returning spoons or other such :  
Wherefore we thought it not presuming much  
'To use his office for inquiry now,  
Difficulty unseen, or I avow  
I had not put the old man to such cost.

He welcomed Ma and me, ask'd what we'd lost,  
Knowing, it seem'd, even before we spoke  
The purport of our coming ; made a joke  
Of our anxiety ; said all was right,  
And he would turn informer that same night ;  
Kept us to dinner ; made us stay to tea ;  
No one was present there except us three ;  
And after lights brought in began his mystery.

And first he took a thread that from the shears  
Of Atropos was stolen, and round his ears  
Bound it 'gainst hearing more than for his good ;  
And then of the True Cross a splint of wood

He screw'd upon the handle of a flail  
From Boaz' threshing-floor,—he said a nail  
Would loosen all the charm ; three equal hairs  
Of a blue hippopotamus, with cares  
Abundant got what time conjunctive Mars  
Kiss'd Venus (there 's an influence in stars  
Rightly discern'd, and at lunatic full  
A luminousness unseen when days are dull),  
These tied he ; and a caterpillar's cocoon  
Unwound in water'd whiskey with a spoon  
And built of it with care and cunning sleight  
The form by children a cat's-cradle hight.  
All these on a turn-table he display'd  
In fitting order ; then in the dark convey'd  
A short stump of slate pencil, which he laid  
Reverently in the cradle. Right below  
There was a drawer, a slate in it, you know.  
Then he began to conjure. I relate  
Only the truth. Upon the drawer-hid slate  
(We all examined it) no sort of sign  
Of drawing or of lettering, not a line  
Or scratch appear'd as Uncle placed it there.  
He bow'd his head as if in earnest prayer  
The while we two held hands and shut our eyes.  
Then the drawer open'd to our great surprize  
All of itself and, as on its own feat, rose  
The slate and walk'd upon the table ; There  
Who look'd at it might see a line, all red,—  
SEEK THE THREE CATS!—No more !

Slate scratch'd his head,  
And said—"The Three Cats, who the deuce  
are they?"

But the deuce help'd not: he must have a trey.  
 He rang the bell; a tray was brought; he laid  
 The slate upon it; then, as much afraid,  
 Stood trembling, knee and elbow, he did shake,  
 And rose his hair. Ma said—For deary sake,  
 Don't go no further, Eben dear! He look'd:  
 "I raise my Ebenezer here or cook'd C.A. 20  
 Shall be my goose." Stiff silence follow'd that.  
 Methought I heard the mewing of a Cat.  
 Then categorically voices came:—  
 "Who are you? Not to you! By nether flame!  
 "I shan't mind you. Your flames be d—d!—  
 "You shall  
 "Answer me! No, we shan't."—An interval,  
 And on the tray my Uncle sat him down  
 Mewing cat-like, and swore, and with a frown  
 Tore handfuls of his beard, it was quite grey.  
 "By gosh and Cokys wounds I'll have my way."  
 Loudly he raged, and stamp'd; and then I saw  
 Come from the dimness a great grey cat's paw,  
 A claw, and tear my Uncle's barèd arm.  
 I saw the blood run down and trickle warm;  
 It fell into and fill'd the tray. Then he—  
 "Only a maid can in this mirror see,  
 One made of mixèd blood. Mule Hattie! you  
 are She."  
 Obedient, I look'd down: but looking so,  
 All whirl'd around, upside downside did go.

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C.A. 20 EBENEZER: no pun upon my Uncle's name: the name,  
 from the Hebrew, signifying Stone of Help, a conjuring place.  
 1 Samuel, 7, 12. See likewise Smith's *Dictionary*.



The level floor on which the tray was put  
Stood wall-like. Then in fear my eyes I shut.  
"Look forth and see and hear and understand!"  
Such is my Uncle's brief and stern command.  
I tear mine eyes from blindness, from my ears  
Drive out their deafness, cast away my fears,  
And with my understanding firmly based  
Look in the magic glass before me placed.

What see I there? Three forms of mighty make.  
One with her tail twined round her like a snake,  
And crouching with her nose upon the fender,  
I knew at once, the Cat o' the Witch of Endor:  
Grey, awful, with the shadow of a crown  
Across her snow-white whiskers dimly thrown.  
The second was a swift-limb'd delicate thing  
The poet, Shelley, might have loved to sing,  
A pard-like spirit, soft, ethereal, slim:  
Methought at first that Cat belong'd to him,  
But poet intuition may not err,—  
I knew the Witch of Atlas honour'd her.  
The third, more homely, with a travel'd air,  
And black and white, or particolour'd hair,  
I had not noticed but for Uncle, cried he—  
"You'll need that one for all she learnt o' Friday."  
He said no more; it was enough, I knew so  
I had to do with the Cat of Robinson Crusoe.

While pass'd such thoughts and introduction gave,  
I saw the Three preluding for a stave,  
And pacing with a flourish of broomsticks round  
A cauldron by three legs held off the ground.

I saw, and listen'd for their voices' sound.

But first from each issued a gentle mew,  
As saying—To our old misses and our new  
We are sure servants, catechumens true,  
Awaiting but the question.

That they knew.

And Uncle told me not a word to speak :  
'Twould break the charm or leave it all too weak  
To answer. Then again a mew, a squeal  
In concert, and forthwith on toe and heel  
The Cats spun round and round the magic pot  
(A fire was underneath to keep it hot),  
Each in her offering flinging  
And, so obliging, singing

Of what was what.

#### CAT OF ENDOR

Neck of slain sheep, chop by chop  
In the steaming cauldron flop ;  
Sprinkle well with fresh spring peas ;  
Drop in then by twos and threes  
Delicatest sorts of beans ;  
Add the smallest hearts of greens,  
Cauliflowers, and turnips two,—  
Not too big of each will do ;  
New potatoes without stint ;  
Early carrots ; just a hint  
Of lettuce : let us bury these  
In fresh lots of tender peas !—  
*All*—Double, double, don't spare trouble !  
Let the gravy boil and bubble !

Stir it as a stirrer would !  
Serve the mixture hot and good !

## CAT OF ATLAS

Throw in raisins by the pound ;  
Wheat-flour, very finely ground ;  
Citron-slices, candied o'er ;  
Currants an abundant store ;  
Add of brandy just a gill ;  
Almonds, nutmeg, as you will !  
*All*—Hubble, bubble, boil and bubble !  
Don't spare toil, but make it double !  
Stir, keep stirring as you would  
If the stirring did you good !

## CAT OF CRUSOE

Drop in sugar, sugar—mind !  
Rubb'd on juicy lemon-rind ;  
Melt it with a little rum ;  
Pour in tea to overcome  
Spirit influence ; then add  
Brandy enough to make you glad ;  
Next of lemon slices slim,—  
They are just right if they swim ;  
Fill with rum up to the brim !  
*All*—Let it not quite boil or bubble ;  
Spare not care, and double trouble ;  
Stir it as a stirrer should :  
Have it hot, and strong as good !

## CAT OF ATLAS

And now our He-Cat call !  
Grand Master of our rites, approach !

I hear the wheels of his old rumbling coach,  
And the steps fall.

HE-CAT *appears*

*H.C.*—How now, my dears!

My little kittenish frisky frolicsome Cats!  
What is 't ye do?

*All*—A deed without a name

I do; and I; and I the same.

*H.C.*—And that 's?

*C. of E.*—I make a stew.

*C. of A.*—I broth.

*H.C.*— And you?

*C. of C.*— I brew.

*H.C.*—The name! the name!

*C. of E.*—HOTCH-POTCH my stew.

*C. of A.*—PLUM-BROTH I do.

*C. of C.*—RUM-PUNCH.

*H.C.*— Well, through

With the incantation though it nought avails!  
But let me think, first looking at my nails:—  
It must, it must be so.—Tie your three tails  
Together; part knot suddenly; and sing,  
Dancing about the great Pan in a ring,

To the Egyptian Sphynx,

True Cat, if ever one!—

My task is done.

Kiss me and let me go!

Good! good! good!—so

Each minx,

Good-b'ye! farewell, fair Three!

My spirit Pussy see

Sits on a cat-tail leaf, and mews for me!

And now the trinal links  
Are join'd and sunder'd ; nimbly, toe and heel,  
The Cats spin round the charmed pot.  
And the fire never sinks,  
But ever grows more hot  
As thus they make appeal

## TO THE GREAT SPHYNX.

O Cat most fair !  
Listen where thou art squatting  
Amid the yellow hot Egyptian sands  
On twisted braids of palm-leaf matting,  
The wet ends of thy Nile-steep'd dropping hair  
Licking for mere coolness' sake !  
Goddess and no mistake !

Hear our demand !

Listen and reply to us !  
In the name of gouty Œdipus,  
Whom thou wouldst have gobbled down  
Had he not thy secret known ;  
By all thy conundrum'd ghosts,  
Thy unguessts, the riddle-lost ;  
By great Memnon's morning song  
Murmuring thy ears among,  
And Isis' yet remember'd hymn ;  
By the desert lion grim,  
In safe covert of thy breasts  
Seeking shelter when the crests  
Of the Simoom him affright ;  
By thy shadow in moonlight  
Reaching o'er uncounted miles ;

By those Cleopatric smiles ;  
 By thy necromantic wiles ;  
 By thy lips oracular ;  
 By all subtleties, which are  
 Cat-like ; by thy woman face,  
 And bosom full of goddess grace ;  
 By thy never uncoil'd tail ;—  
 Let our prayers with thee prevail ;  
 Lift, lift thy enigmatic head,  
 With hoar centuries' dust bespread ;  
 Listen and give quick reply !  
 Lay thy ruinous kisses by ;  
 And thy most headlong rebuss waive  
 Till thou our question answer'd have  
 Of this Cat's grave !

Singing the Cats spun with swift wheel  
 Around the pot, more swift than winks  
 Or looks of lynx,  
 Repeating their appeal.  
 I listen'd, most afear'd.  
 What next? methinks.  
 What wonder next appear'd?

Uprose the Sphynx  
 On her hind legs tremendous ; laid one paw  
 Upon her stony lips, as in deep thought,  
 Then hollowly brought  
 This answer forth, from that capacious maw  
 Which ne'er before  
 Since Lord Osiris built her in the sand  
 Obey'd command.

*Where o'er*

*A cat-like fruit white purple flowerets wave  
Look for his grave!*

I heard, I saw no more,  
Nor knew till Uncle bow'd us to the door.  
Not wiser, but some sadder for our trip,  
We went our ways; still hidden in my brain

Those Sphynx words did remain,  
And to my recollection slowly came again.  
I waited the event.

Months pass'd. The icy grip  
Of winter was relax'd; and icier grief  
Sprang also to relief.

Spring came and went;  
And punkin vines 'gan run  
Across our lot, and also, one by one,  
Increase of punkin self to bask it in the sun.  
I was a-reading Darwin's *Loves of Plants*,  
Mother beside me, in my Father's pants  
Setting a patch. Our punkin patch is green.  
I thought of the later D, what did he mean  
By his developments. Am I a dunce?  
Were cats and serpents vegetables once?  
I know some plants are climbers, others crawl.  
Does that the animal destiny forestall?  
A sort of archetypal hint of what  
May be this Punkin's or that Squash's lot:  
Good-sized developing their legs become  
Real Cats; the smaller, or the stay-at-home  
Can not be more than Serpents or at most  
Go Caterpillar-like. And so I lost,

As older thinkers do, myself in dreams  
 Of supermundane cosmocomical schemes,  
 Till looking off, by what but pure good luck?  
 One of our punkins my attention struck.  
 It was so like a couchant cat,—indeed  
 Like Robyn, just of the same motley breed,  
 With a long stalky tail, but wanting legs.  
 Headless and round as beer or whiskey kegs.  
 Alas, his bier! his spirit! Could it be  
 He had gone back to punkinninity,  
 Reverse development? If forward flies  
 The grower to accord with novelties,  
 Might he not also, ceasing thus to yearn  
 Far forward, take an undeveloping turn?  
 Why not? My Robyn, underneath the snow,  
 Used not his legs, and therefore let them go;  
 Could not keep head against the weight of ice,  
 So the head waited not. It was not nice  
 To find him lost so: but I knew he thought  
 Some punkins of himself. That solace raught;  
 And I examined further, as recurr'd  
 The oracle, the Sphynx' mysterious word—  
 "Look for his grave . . white . . purple"  
 so they were!

A plant—arcanic powers! the plant is there  
 And waving over that same punkin's growth.  
 Graceful and tall—I'll take my Bible oath,  
 Hairy—if I have two eyes in my head,  
 Ash-colour'd—sure in memory of the Dead,  
 Long tapering leaves, a very wealth of bloom  
 Purple and white! It is my Robyn's tomb!  
 O'er his dear dust doth the white banner wave.





## CATASTASIS

At Catalani's song the angels glode  
 Earthward to listen : so at Robyn's Feast  
 My Muse, that somewhat catadoxly rode,  
 Had power lent back to effort had increased  
 The high cat-asterism. Rob's abode  
 Were now Catabibazon, at the least.

\* \* CATASTASIS is the climax preceding the conclusion. CATALANI, in religion S. Cecilia. CATADOXLY, passing the experiences of other poets or those of my own youth. CAT-ASTERISM, the Catalogue of Stars. CATABIBAZON, the place of most starry honour in the south node of the Great Dragon his taile.



## THE SQUASH

## HOW THE SQUASH BECAME A CAT

WE HAVE a beautiful cat in our possession, so far as one can be said to possess a cat (since the days of witchcraft the title to possession is not quite so clear), a he-cat of the striped or striated kind, striped like a very squash. We were lying the other day on our back in our orchard, staring up into a streaked-apple tree, and thinking, as the apples fell, of little Isaac Newton and the curious upcomes after falls. From Newton's apple tree our thoughts fell off to Darwin, meanwhile Rob lying on our lap, purring out his heart's content, and probably thinking in his feline fashion. Near us was a fence dividing our lot from neighbour Smith's, and, even as we looked, over this fence a wild squash was climbing. How often we had tried to keep it on our own side. Noticing it again, we were puzzled by the strange likeness between the squash (striped too) and Rob, particularly as regarded Rob. It struck me then that both were climbers. Often we had watched them in sunshine and in moonlight, and day or night Rob was just as difficult as the squash to keep on the home side of the fence. Darwin in our thoughts, the question arose—Why this? What is the cause of the

common instinct? Dogs do not climb fences to their neighbours' lots; cats and squashes do. What is the special relationship? There did not seem much to be made of it; so we returned to the book which before our mind wandered had been our study, our favourite Horace Greeley's *What I know about farming*. There at page 1273 (but not in all the editions) look at this in a foot-note:—

ON THE INFLUENCE OF SOIL.

“I recommend that the squash be planted in a light, sandy soil. A streak of green marl is an advantage if you have it. I have found by repeated sowings that the colour of the fruit is much handsomer, resembling the beautiful streakiness of a ripe apple, only that the hues are not so vivid, the flavour also sometimes not unlike apple-sass. I have been told, but I do not know this of my own observation, that the peculiar streakiness of English bacon, so much prized by Cincinnati importers, is obtained in a similar manner (which is likely), the pigs from their tenderest infancy being fed in turn upon red and white potatoes, raised on differently coloured soil.\* It is said too that the alternate layers of fat and lean are got by feeding one day and starving the next; but this does not run with my argument, which is only racy of the soil.”

Elsewhere he observes:—

“It is known that the striped flag (*Iris Americana*) common on this Continent thrives best in mixed clays. And the use of stripes in cultivation has ever been asserted at the South.” These be practical remarks! The squash's colour is then, as Mr. Greeley's experience shows, mainly owing *to the soil*. Now to look at it Darwinningly. In early

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\* “The same is seen in clovers, the colour depending on the soil, not without effect on the cattle: after the manner of Jacob with Laban.”

youth the squash is green, in old age yellow, in middle life neither but with an inclination either way. There must of course be a moment when neither the yellow nor the green inclination predominates, accident, time, something or other, gives the predominance. Suppose opposite accidents, and these frequent and alternating. Is it too much to perceive that the outer appearance must express some sign of the inward struggle, and so a stripe, *of course very faint at first*, is produced? No question then as to the influence of soil! Other cases also occur to us in its support. The political stripe in the District of Columbia is often due altogether to the soil: green first, and then distinctly marked as yellow, even statesmen who think themselves "some punkins." It may be the same with squashes. Mr. Greeley ought to know. He tells us *the mixed clay fixes the tendency*. Granting, we say, the influence of soil, then in time—it may be ages, time is a relative,—in time the stripes fixed regularly will be permanent. We have the first step cat-ward. The next step is for climbing. That squash on the fence seems opening its cat-like eyes in amazement. It may look far-fetched to talk of eyes, but if potatoes have eyes and corn ears, why not—We are rambling, like the squashes. One thing is sure. In old Indian days,—early, if not the earliest squash days,—the boundaries of their hunting-grounds and plantations were not stable; beside which the squash could hardly be said to be converted from aboriginal wildness. Even the Mississippi does not heed bounds. Say that a native chief pulled stakes and took in a bit of a neighbour's patch, took it in too against the sun; your squash, having a habit of growing that way, also

preferring the soil on the old side of the paling, what does he, no doubt after many vain attempts to wriggle between the bars, but climb over? Once done is done for ever. Not even a squash can go back on destiny. The next generation repeats the climb. In the course of centuries it becomes habit, helped all through, you mind, by *the temptation sun-ward*. Still the squash is but a squash. Wait awhile! From the great English naturalist, Hood (the elder Thomas, not Jesse), may be learned how he once furtively buried a male cat of a sandy-reddish colour under a gooseberry-bush. Up to that date the berries had been smooth-skinned and green: *next year they were all hairy and of a red colour*. They were hairy ever after.\* Now only consider this. If a tiger got buried beneath a wide-spreading squash tree (the size is no obstacle, for we know that Jonah sat under a gourd of the same species, and there were tigers in those parts), the squash next year would be hairy too, and as much hairier than the gooseberry as the tiger is larger than the ordinary cat. It is equally reasonable to believe that if the hair had long influence

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\* We can say something ourselves, even from our own very limited experience, in confirmation of these freaks of Nature, as they may be ignorantly called. We ourselves grew a pumpkin over a buried horse. One pumpkin born on this plant increased to such a bulk that a horse could go in at one end not stooping and come out with his head down at the other. And, which was more curious, the seed of this identical pumpkin was found to be an infallible cure for hoarseness. This was a Connecticut pumpkin, growth and pedigree both, and on exhibition in New Haven, when the daily journals made weeks' income in praise of the occasion. The bearing one thing has upon another, say through various grafting, is truly marvelous, and should make us pause before daring to discredit the deeper things of science.

the tiger's claws would not be without. After certain time may be found on the squash a roughness, which on microscopic examination is perceived to be only a *rudimentary claw*. In climbing, that confirmed habit continued, such claws, being useful, become more and more developed. Then as the pendulous squash drops, the heavy body straining from the claws projects some lengthening semblance of limbs; now the winds drag them, the claws hold firm, the heavy body swings, and so the limbs become jointed. Beginning of flexibility only, then, perhaps from sudden wrenches, are breaks, which in mild weather partially recohere and become *articulated joints*. Of course all this is not supposed to be the development of one individual squash. These changes are gradual, the work of centuries, of it may well be eons. We can not observe them now, but we can see suggestive and like indications. It may have taken ages for the development of a claw; how much more for production of a whole limb, joints, the entire and perfect animal. We have nearly reached that in our progressive stages. It may be objected that there is no reason why there should be exactly and only four legs. It must not however be forgotten (Mr. Darwin indeed lays great stress on this) that something is due to original inheritance. There is always the tendency to recur to the primitive type. The primitive type is here tigrine, *as regards the animal development* of what we may still call the Cat-squash. And also many legs might be found to hinder climbing. Notice that it is the cultivated squash to which we have come, that has to climb, not forest trees, *but fences*. Between rail and rail some of many legs would hang useless. Of disuse

comes atrophy ; the superabundant legs drop off, and the Squash-Cat retains only four as fitting to its latest life. Then only, in the wonderful economy of Nature, as the polliwog becomes the perfect frog by throwing off his tail, the squash perfects the cat with that hereto useless appendage, the old-squash stalk pulled from the parent plant as the new animal departs on adventures, over and off the fence this time, to meet its neighbour and begin the family of house and garden tigers—our familiar Tabby-Cats.

There! our Rob is among the squashes. You may think that he is only a well-developed squash himself, and that still squash basking yonder in the sun really a yet-unanimalised Tom-Cat. "Can such things be and overcome us?" etc.

NOTE by the Editor. This Squash Story is the only prose work of Hattie's which has been preserved ; and this in some measure might be esteemed poetry, here only the rough draft (we find the same in Chaucer) designed for future versification.

Since it was written the likelihood of such transformations has been enforced by Professor Newbury, who tells of a Caterpillar, I believe in New Zealand, the larva of which when buried about three inches below the surface, becomes a Vegetable, "retaining the outlines and markings of the parent caterpillar," and growing to a considerable height, having a curious furry ornamental head, caterpillarish. The plant is of a fungoid type, excellent eating, containing much hydroxaethylidentrimethylammonium hydrate, said to be not poisonous, resembling cabbage.

This appears also to favour the retrogressive theory suggested by Miss Brown in her ninth fyfte.





## THE MEANING OF IT

How many cats' tails to reach the sky? *Old Proverb.*

LIKE to a kettle at a dog's tail, making music as he goes, or may be only musical echoes, so before I close my catalectual budget I propose to say a few words on the Myth. Which may stand as pith of my wandering in Cat-Land, not to be dispensed with. I would have you to understand my writing hath some direction and is not without choice of path. I rejoice also to make correction here and there, as where I spoke of Fiddler Catte as but among my Rob's forbears. In that I did him wrong. Of all forbearing folk he was indeed the head. For there's an ancient rich ante-Arian perhaps myth, with which we have to deal, and ought not any how to miss. The peel of this, no weed, we all of us may read, the well-known rhyme, a screed of earliest time when the world yet was young, and which doubt not was sung amid reechoing spansks, 'neath Himalayan flanks, to children on their nurses' laps, perhaps upon



Euphrates banks ere Babylon was. This is it, as first writ in pure Sanscrit, a hymn of the *Rigvedas* :—

HYD ID LDI DLTH'K ATANT HEPHI DLTH KOUJV  
MP TA UV URTHMUN CYRNIKH OLALA PHT TUCE  
CUT CHSPAU TAN DDYCHRHA NAWAWYT HYS PUN

Of which, according to the best scholars, the English given almost literally is as follows :—

The myth is not addled—  
The Cat fiddle-faddled ;  
In the high sky sky-daddled,  
The Cows jump'd over the Moon ;  
The Little Dog (*Cur Nicola*) laught  
At the Moon over-raught ;

And the dish ran away with the spoon.

The Cat in Hindu mythology is the Moon, the Cow a cloud. The moony Cat fiddles, plays like the Cat on the sign-board : the weather is neither foul-ward nor fine-ward. Skydaddled\* over the heavens, the white cow-clouds, perhaps a herd, leap over her. The moon so blurred and obscured, twilight seems to return, to the delight of the "little dog" Canicula, Sirius himself, the Dog of Twilight, who, not seeing the moon return from behind the clouds, imagines himself lord of the situation. Of one relation the meaning is not so clear. The Dish may symbolize the round moon-disk, which that Spoonful of Cow was to carry off, carried instead as the clouds are lost in the moonshine. This is only

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\* SKY (not ske) DADDLED, scattered, as aforesaid from the old Irish Bible, there *sgudad ol*, is plainly identical with Danish *skye dædehl* : throwing light upon the acquaintance of the Phenician (or yet earlier Arab) navigators with Ireland, and the Baltic through the Cattegut.

a guess. It may be a hint that the larger can not stint for the less ; or merely the myth itself running off with the means that should have raught for us its meaning. So important leaning excuses so much explanation.

I must acknowledge also to reading that it is not the home-loving Cat, but the Grasshopper, the Locust, in the attitude of preyer, which is placed at the top of the New Troy Exchange. However, on again referring to the *Rigvedas* I find the Cat frequently indentified with or rather perhaps connected with the Grasshopper in the moon myths. In the *PanCat-tantrums* Carabbas (the soft-sounding C), the Hindu Puss-in-boots, who lives on Mount Moon, is the Grasshopper, or Leaping Locust, claiming all he can hop across as his master's. And he is the original also of our Hop-o'-my-thumb, whose boots are seven-leagued.

Our own Kok Robyn's first death and burial, or his burial and first return to life (as we may be pleased to consider it), is not without a very profound mythical significance. The Cat on 'Change is a Weathercock. The Cat and Cock are again identical. It is at night that the Cat is most active, and it is at moonrise, says Ælianos, that the Cock exults. So both personify the moon. And as Sun and Moon through their attributes are in the old myths interchangeable, so the Cock can likewise be taken as the Sun, his crest symbolizing the same, and his names, Cristatus, Cristiger, Cristens, as the christian poet Prudentius tells us. Our tortoise-shell Cat, in the Sanscrit Mûshakârâtis, the brindled mouse-eater, the golden-haired cloud-devourer, whose hairs are the Sun's rays, takes fitly therefore the name of KOK ROBYN, the red-breasted twilight in which the

Sun or, as seen in our present version, the Moon rises. But the SETTER's time comes, the setting ordered by DAN APOLLO as the Moon disappears at dawn. UNION is the twilight that unites day and night, hears night's dying groans, and JACK,\* the Sun again, on his back, not yet fairly risen, only half awake, has his eye upon him. The Hindu Moon is male. NELLIE (a sisterly diminutive of Helen—Helios, the Sun) is early-rising Aurora, who bosses the Moon-funerals. The pall is of course the heavens. But here seems some confusion, ("a limb o' thee" referring rather to the body) as if parts of two strophes had been lost and a transcriber had agglomerated the fragments. TIMOTHY is surely nothing if not an alias for Thomas the doubter, who must touch the body to be sure of its death or, in the legend otherwise applied, who leaves not his bed till the risen Sun shall kiss his finger-tips. O'DONOGHUE sounds suspiciously like Don'tknowwho, but the name is Sanscrit too, or earlier. In the *PanCat-tantrums* his boat is often spoken of, the mystic boat in which the Sun by night and the Moon by day travel underneath the ocean; and it may be that as "chief mourner" he here assumes the office of the modern Charon. So he may carry the body, and Tim and his fellow denizens of the air be only wanted as appropriately for the pall. The Dog, a cat-dog, LEO, who utters K.R.'s Epitaph, is the dog of Diana, also Sirius, the Star of Twilight. Whence, from the elder legend (the Moon there being

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\* Here again we have a new form of the Sun Myth: Jack the Giant-Killer being only Hercules Redivivus, and Heracles himself the Greek reformed Indras, a very ancient King Arthur or John Brown.

male), we have the Dog with our Man in the Moon. The rest of the allegory (cloud-mice etc.) is plain.

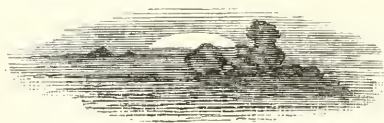
A very similar myth may be observed in the FIGHT WITH THE DOG: the contest between Day and Night, or Light and Darkness, under new forms assigned to them: the Dog "half blood-hound and half bull," the Cat brindled as a moon-calf. The THIRD FYTTE has yet another aspect. Here it is the strife between the golden haired Apollo and the white Moon-cat. The Moon takes possession of the black cat—Night; and in the FOURTH FYTTE the dejected Sun-god descends seaward. In the FIFTH his butter-ears reappear. No need to track the myth throughout. The cord round Rob's neck (SIXTH) is symbolical of the Sun again, (the robin is sacred to S. Martin); and the SEVENTH and EIGHTH are fit joints of the tale of Lamentations for Thammuz—Thomas Cat—Adonais—Adonis—the Sun or Moon.

Thus may we interpret the Myth of the Cat-Moon, so much of it as need be tied to our own tales. The myth meaning the Sun would have the Cock as hero, instead of the Cat. NELLIE then will be the evening splendour which undertakes his setting, and the other persons of the drama change characters accordingly. In the *Taithriya-brahmanum* the crimson-vested bird of dawn, the Lark (Bharadvâgas) sings, as the Robin, all day through to the many-coloured birds, but gives his heart to the little dusky Wren (Iyattikâ-çakuntikâ), the brown dusk Eventide. For this the Sparrowhawk relentlessly pursues him with his hate, and eventually kills him. All the birds who had loved him assemble to his funeral. The promised wine, his loving pledge

to Jenny, their bridal sacrament, is his own life-blood.  
The dusk brown evening boasts its ruddy heaven, yet  
ruddier than the early morning glow as Robin's blood  
is of a richer tint than all the glory of his living coat.

It is the ever-changing solar song.  
Is it not too the universal tale,  
The pancattantrums of all-changing Love?  
When crimson-clad Cophetua from his throne  
Wooeth the Nut-brown Maid, 'tis burly Rob  
And homely Jennie in a new disguise.  
Call it also, to point some moral here,  
The Glory on the lap of Evening Calm,  
The bright serenity of a well-spent life.  
So every thing aye meaneth some thing else.  
Eheu, Jehu! As the Wise Cat observed  
To the Philologist—"Man everywhere  
And at all times is man." Here ends my taile.

If any ask—Why this or that forget?  
Let it to a Cat's short memory be set!



## L'ENVOI

GO, LITTLE BOOK !

Who on you look,  
Who read you fair,  
Will own the young  
With thewes unstrung  
Not vainly sung  
Nor need despair.  
This did I write  
For Self's delight ;  
Who list may read :  
I have no greed  
For pay or praise.  
My little Book,  
Done all alone,  
Fame shall thee own  
Past many days.  
Go thou thy ways,  
Unheeding fleas—  
Skip-critics : these  
Make no heart ache.  
ART FOR ART'S SAKE  
Is all my geste :  
Some high behest  
Let others take !  
For me Art is enough,  
According to the canon

Of later days (quant : suff :).  
 And who shall lay a ban on  
 Me? My will's my pleasure :  
 I admit no moral master ;  
 And so I keep the measure,  
 Slower in time or faster,  
 My feet clear from disaster,  
 I care not whom I offend.

God send my readers good digestion !

That's not the question :  
 I have not been ordain'd  
 As preacher ; in no wise  
 Am given to sermonize ;  
 My text trots self-explain'd.  
 Enough if with some art  
 I play the Jester's part,  
 With cap and bells to please  
 Lord Idlesse, and dry peas  
 All pleasantly perverse  
 To rattle in his ear.  
 Yet do I not rehearse,  
 In strains his soul to move,  
 Fierce War and faithful Love,  
 And Truth not too severe  
 But fashionably dress'd,  
 Pale Grief and pleasing Fear,

And other tyrants, Robyn ! of the breast ?

What matters whom I choose  
 For hero? Must my Muse  
 Tread heels of Alexander,  
 Of Walker, of Pizarro,  
 Napoleon, or Suwarow,



Or other Greek or Roman  
Or French heroic gander,  
Or common or uncommon?  
Why is not Philip Sparrow  
As good as Philip's Son?  
And what has Homer done  
That he may sport his mice,  
Frogs and such vermin nice,  
And I not own a Cat?  
By Helicon, and that  
Is a fair poet's oath,  
Your frogs and mice are, both,  
No fitter for bards' words  
Than is my Cat: my sherds  
Of rhyme, lame verse at best,  
And other faults confess'd,  
Of catachresic sort  
Et cetera. Though short  
To wear the Homeric weed,  
Mere catagraphs indeed  
And catalectic they,  
As modest Frenchmen say;  
Albeit catenate,  
Which is but fair to state;  
Yet, by Apollo's shell,  
Of tortoise too, so well  
By that mercurial child  
Fashion'd when he defiled  
Sol wroth for loss of beef,  
By him of poets chief,  
And by the Muses nine,  
I swear these mews of mine

Shall win the world's belief.  
While Cats are light o' love,  
Or Caterpillars move  
Cat-like toward their prey,  
While every dog his day  
Must have, and cats delight  
In vows of Catti knight,  
So long as at the fire  
Cats toast their tails, till ire  
Of cat and dog down dwindles,  
So long shall my poor spindle's  
Yarn provoke applause.  
Ay! and by Cokys jaws  
And his nine-jointed taile,  
Eyes, heart, by Rob's each wail  
And permanent purring note,  
By his one motley coat,  
Yea! by its every hair,  
Black, white, red, gold, I swear  
These wakes of him shall live  
A nine-fold life, nor sieve  
Of Fame refuse them through.  
And reasons are there too  
Why even a Critic's gall  
Should spare my song. I'm small  
And young, a little girl;  
And now first tempt the whirl-  
Pool of professional ink.  
In truth, upon the brink  
I did a little loiter  
With modest maiden's coy  
Tergiversating dread.

But then meheard it said,  
 "Tis a true Muse invites,  
 And while the maggot bites  
 Adventure!" Was I wrong?  
 Came else uncall'd my Song.  
 Well, words I wrote are writ:  
 Poor caterings, I admit:  
 As such do I present 'em.

#### ADDITAMENTUM

GO, LITTLE BOOK! from Author's solitude:  
 I cast thee on the market: go thy ways!  
 And if (so Southey) not too vainly good,  
 The world may own thee after many days.  
 When Holland 's read, and Miller kinder view'd,  
 Poor Hattie Brown may hold her hat for praise.  
 Would L. C. M. pronounce my verses fine,  
 I 'd own I think a many worse than mine.

Or, borrowing good words of Mr. Thos. Watson:  
 "My littel Booke! goe hie thee hence awaie,  
 Whose price (God knowes) will countervayle no part  
 Of pains I tooke to make thee what thou art:  
 And yet I joie thy birth."

And of Master Hawes in his *Pastime of Pleasure*:  
 "Go, little Book! I pray good hap thee save  
 From miss-metring by wrong impresslon;  
 And who that ever list thee for to have,  
 That he perceive well thine intention."

As likewise the worthiest Mr. Geoffrey Chaucer :

“And for there is so great diversitie  
In Englishe and in wryting of our tongue,  
So pray I God that none miswryteth thee,  
Ne thee mismetre for default of tongue ;  
And redde wherso thou be, or ellès sung,  
That thou be understood God I beseeche.”

Thus have I fingered the basket, beheld the holy  
barley (is it but hurly-burly?), fed on the drum-  
head, and drunken of the liquor of satisfaction.  
O Orpheus, thou wildcat charmer! have I not at  
this thy feast said *Konz omtoz.* and it is finished!

FINIS CORONAT

(Is my work one to groan at?)

O Puss!















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